60¢
Sept. 15

VOGUE

The blaze in fashion: are you missing it?



IN HAND:
THE
$2,000,000
DIAMONDS

WHICH FASHION
CHOICES
PAY OFF THIS YEAR

SPECIAL FEATURE:
"HOW TO BE S. HUROK"

**ADVANCED
EDITION**

Crescendoe gloves

Très élégant! The draped glove with the designer's touch...in handmade arrowheads, and hand-set tucks to permanently set their fashionable shapes. In luxurious Caresse* matte-nylon, Sirene, (top, 3.50) is worn over long sleeves. Je t'adore (lower, 5.00) was designed for mid-arm sleeves.

And have you seen Crescendoe's leather gloves by Superb? Magnifique!

*T. M. Registered



Leslie Morris
designed this
costume coat in
a burnt-beige
souffléd wool
semi-lined with black-dyed
Alaska fur seal... over its own black wool dress.

Exclusive in our Made-to-Order Collection
on the Second Floor

BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

suit by Norman Norell



In St. Louis everyone believes in fashion*

*especially Famous-Barr • Stix, Baer & Fuller • Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney • Garland's • Boyd's

St. Louis Globe-Democrat Fall Fashion Show • Kiel Auditorium • September 12, 1962

VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, Publisher

Alexander Liberman, Art Director



COVER

PENN

SEPTEMBER 15, 1962

The diamond blaze in hand here, larger than life: An emerald-cut giant from the Crown of Portugal; mined in Brazil, cut into a 170-carat gem, later remade in an oval shape (150 carats), and during the early 1900's, recut to its present shape with a loss of only 23 carats. ("There is no luxury without waste.") Beside it, a startling pear-shaped stone of extreme brilliance and fire, mined in South Africa; an enchanting marquise diamond. All from Harry Winston. Total value: two and half million dollars. More diamond talk on page 229.

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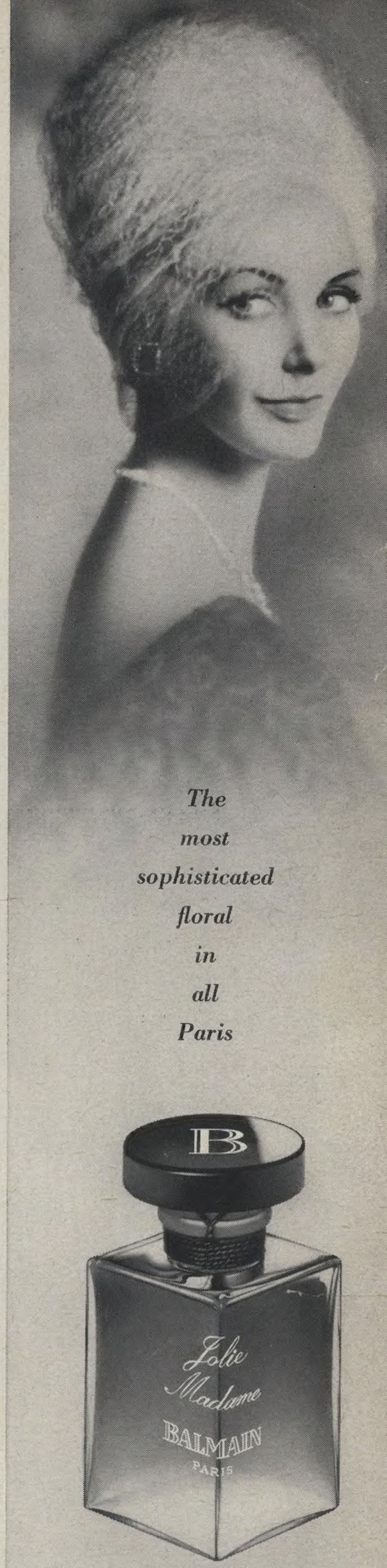
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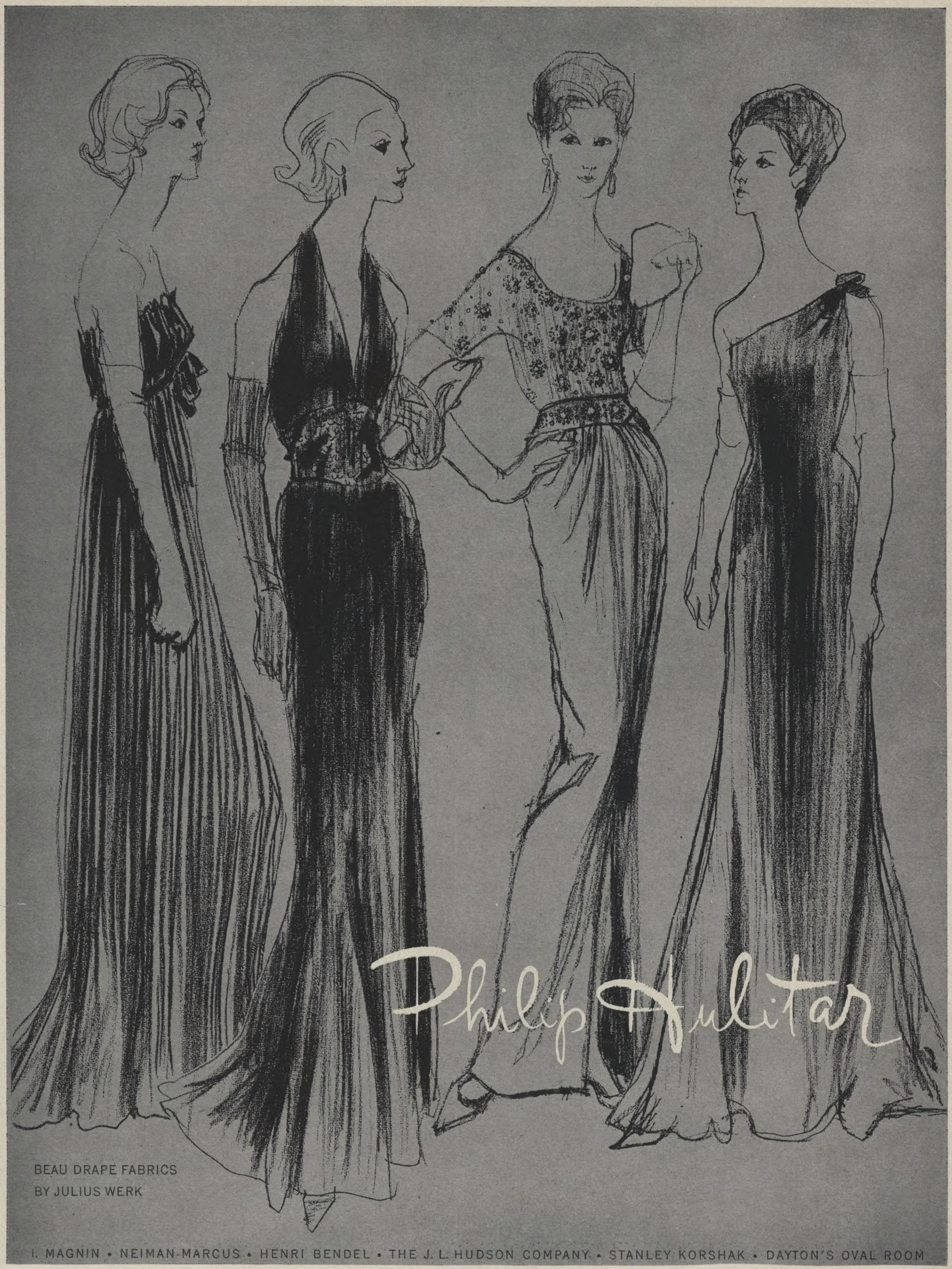
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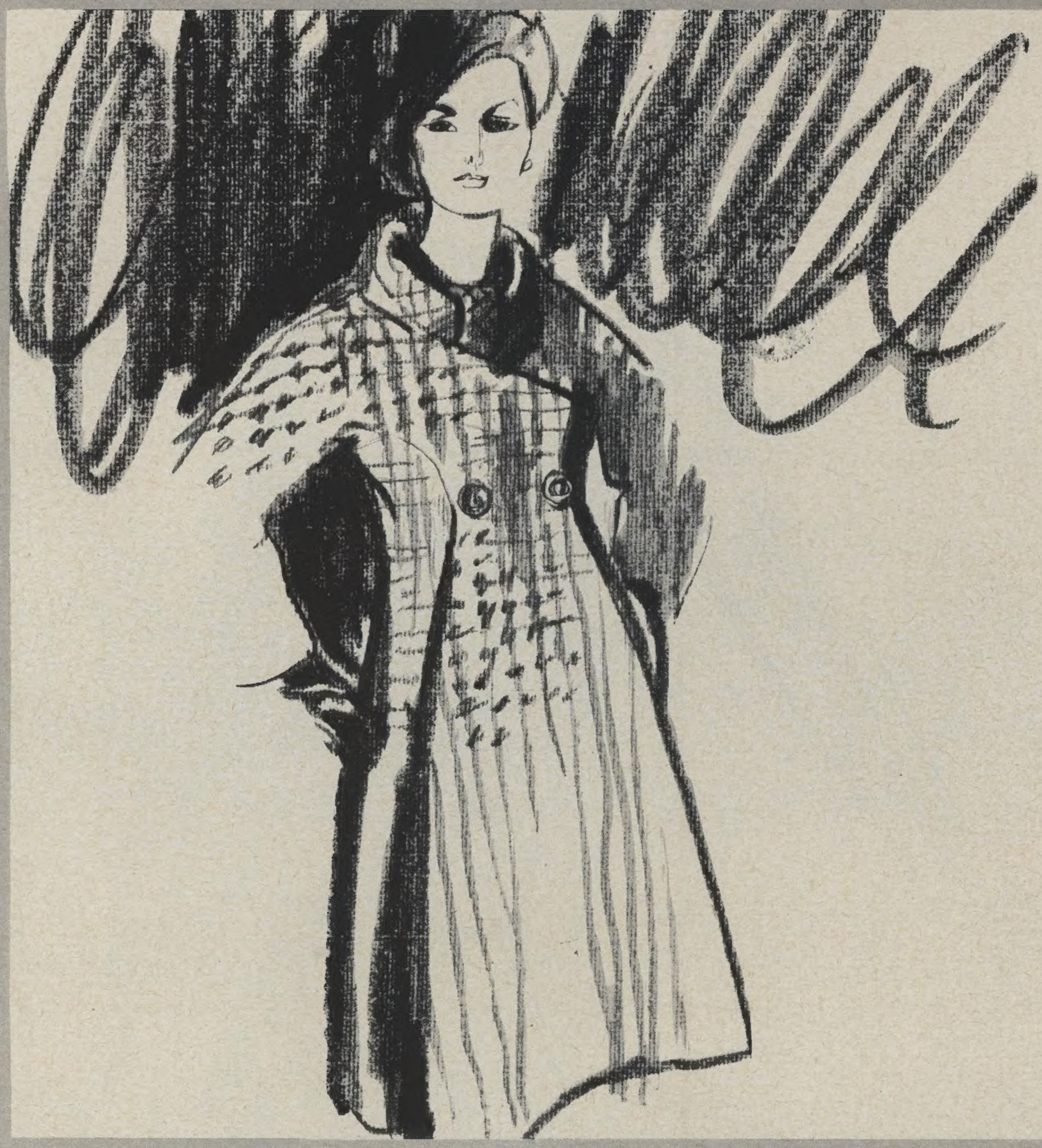
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For fine stores and details see page 228



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and designs to be made especially
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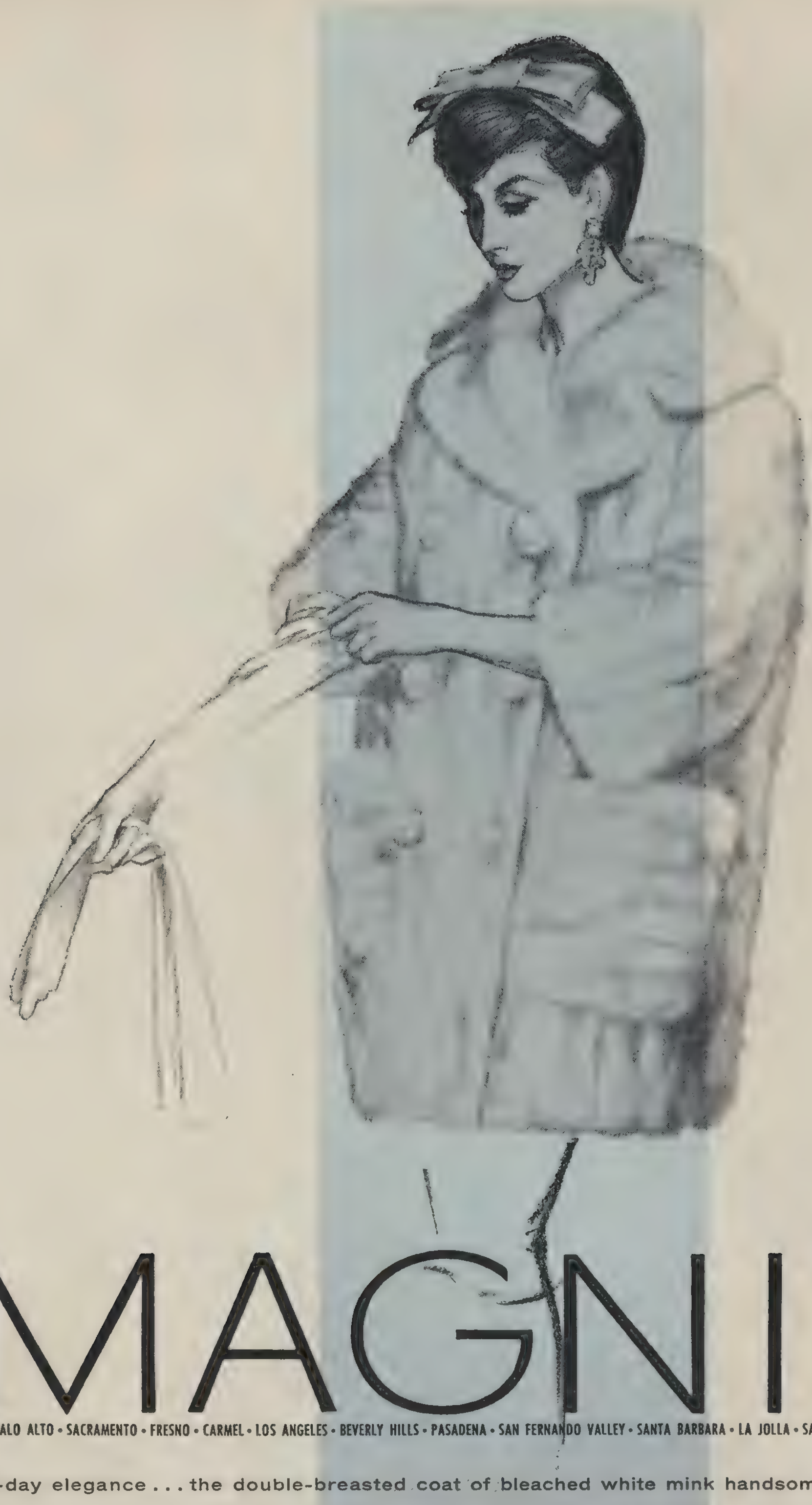

With the glimmer
of twinkling sequins and
smooth silk satin
—the evening begins.
Gown of cognac or fern,
by Frank Starr, 190.00
Evening Salon
At all Lord & Taylor
stores
Hood

From the AMBA knit collection by JR. SOPHISTICATES

Once upon a time there was a little girl who had a TEENY TINY MOTHER, TEENY TINY MOTHER got simply everything in Smaller-Than-Small at Henri Bendel except for her daughter's clothes which she bought in Growing-Up at Henri Bendel. In no time at all the daughter tore off to Vassar with an extensive collection of dazzling things from CACHET. Needless to say she was absolutely brilliant and the best-dressed girl anyone had ever seen so she was snapped up by an advertising agency and became the young-est account executive ever. One fine day, while dashing along 57TH ST. in a marvelous import from LIMITED EDITIONS, she stubbed the toe of her chic Italian Bendel shoe and fell gracefully into the arms of a handsome young public rela-tions man who said, "let us two-step over to the PLAZA for a martini or so". They did-and the very next day she flew into The Shop for Brides where she bought beautiful dresses for herself and seventeen bridesmaids. Off they went on a whirlwind tour of EUROPE and the next time she was seen in NEW YORK was in The Maternity Shop at 10 West 57th Street.



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Photographed by Jane Arnold in storybook Venice, jewel of the Adriatic.

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colouring at the Sansovino Library in Venice's famed Piazzetta. Scottish wool tweed by Towntree from our Peckshire Collection: this young, new many-pocketed suit look, superbly finished with meticulous tailoring. Russet-and-apple red-with-olive, sapphire-with-turquoise, or flame-and-royal-with-sage. 8 to 16. Ours alone, 89.95

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*"If you buy your clothes at Hattie Carnegie, move up three points."**

That's the way to score in a new fashion game currently being played by the experts in the field and the chic columnists. *The above quotation is from *Town and Country*'s "Panorama" column, a column we've enjoyed even before the plug. Naturally, we agree completely that the woman who shops at Carnegie is a very special woman, but Carnegie is also a very special store. If you're curious about us, let us tell you our philosophy and show you just a lagniappe of the new collection.

The way to tell you about Carnegie is to tell you about our customers. Our clientele does not especially enjoy the

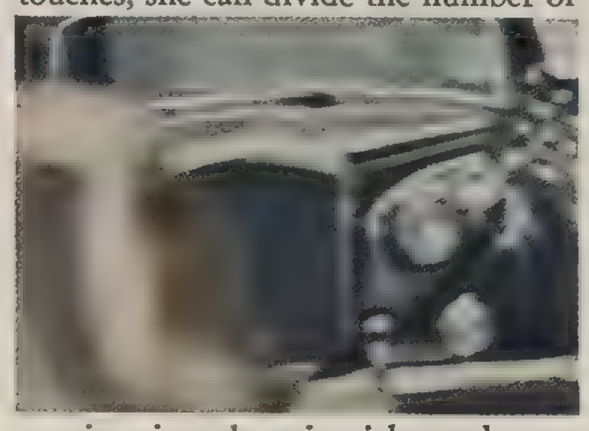


mad pendulum of fashion that produces exciting entrances — and very quick exits. Our women prefer to feel superbly dressed and comfortable during the whole season and not just on opening night. This is one great reason why we don't cotton to Europe in the same way other stores do although we love the French, buy handbags from them, perfume from them and silks, tweeds, laces and buttons. We still feel



that everyone in our world is happier in the softer, subtler, more feminine Carnegie dressing than they are in the new atmosphere currently tagged "arrogant elegant."

Our customer doesn't bat an eye about a 395.00 suit simply because she's fashion wise. She knows that if she takes the apricot sponge-woolen here with its inimitable Carnegie touches, she can divide the number of



wearings into the price ticket and come out with a good bargain. It's a perfect travel suit, looks absolutely right under furs, goes to matinees, to Parke-Bernet. The other colors are turquoise, beige, Carnegie blue, red.

One dress that our clients always fall in love with is the traditional Carnegie hand loomed afternoon dress. It really is a dream. Comes in blue, red, natural or black, 285.00.

Our women like a warm late day coat — and they (unlike the designer crowd) like their winter coats, even their dressy winter coats, to have sleeves. This has never seemed out of fashion to us. We bought this superb wool ottoman in France in black and



brown or in grey and made it into a coat that really does substitute for a fur. It costs 475.00 and offers at least five years of being noticed.

All these clothes are chosen with busy New York in mind, and busy Paris, and busy San Francisco, and wherever our customers might be. The hats and jewelry are all from the Carnegie special collections. Why not move up three points and come visit us soon at 42 East 49 Street, New York.

Hattie Carnegie

LIKE WRAPPING THE GULF STREAM AROUND YOU

Get into this Sportster by **White Stag** and you're going south no matter which way you're headed. The deep-soft, cuddly high-pile fabric by Borg, of Creslan® acrylic, makes you comfortable no matter how uncomfortable the weather. Light, warm, smart and easy, it's just what you need for your car, walking the dog, a pleasant stroll or your daily shopping. Clamshell (shown), tobacco leaf, espresso, coffee, cream. Sizes 10/18. About $30.00 at Lord & Taylor, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Denver Dry Goods, Denver; Titche Goettinger, Dallas; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Bullock's, Southern California or your favorite store wherever you live. **a Borg fabric**

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*prices slightly higher in the west



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LE BAL...A curtsey for the chaperone – and then she'll waltz off in a whirl of white – the rounded skirt and sleeves ... in elegantly embroidered Swisscraft Novelty® eyelet Diplomatically sashed in navy blue velvet and fashioned of Dacron® and cotton. In white only, 2-3x, $13.00; 3-6x, $15.00; 7-14, $18.00*

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Celanese selects Edward Macksoud for letting this beautiful fabric flow free in a dramatic full-skirted robe—for letting it belt all the way, half-way, or not at all—for collaring it to the shoulder. Perfect for hostessing or for lounging elegantly.

Celanese thanks these fine stores: Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.; J. P. Allen, Atlanta; Bullock's-Wilshire, L.A.; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Montaldo's, all stores & Doop's, East Orange, for bringing you this robe. Green, red, blue, white: 8-18, about $45.

*This is the official Arnel® symbol—your assurance that this fabric type has been pretested for performance claimed by Celanese®



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Dress created for Max Factor by Women's Haberdashers.

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The Buckle Bag

Town note for fall—sotto voce elegance in a classic bag of soft glove-tanned leather with self-buckle. Black, antique natural, antique walnut, antique tan. $22.95 plus tax. Matching belt, 24 to 30, $6.00. ***Bonwit Teller, New York—all stores; Bullock's,*** *Los Angeles;* ***Frederick & Nelson,*** *Seattle;* ***The J. L. Hudson Co.,*** *Detroit;* ***J. B. Ivey & Co.,*** *Charlotte;* ***H. Liebes,*** *San Francisco;* ***Sakowitz,*** *Houston. Calderon, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York 16.*

Prices slightly higher in the West



TWELVE-AND-A-HALF CENTS

BY CHARLES NORMAN

"It's that bad," Mr. Rudyard said without change of expression. "I'll send Kramer over." He was a stout man with thin grey hair and glittering eyes that seemed charged with electricity. He pushed the phone away. "Anster wants to sell," he said to his assistant. "It's not a big stock; I think you could make an estimate in a few minutes."

"Will do," Kramer said.

It was a routine assignment, and there no longer was any excitement in it for him. He was more interested in getting out—it was a bright spring day and he could walk. Fifteen blocks brought him to a run-down shop on a run-down street off Fourth Avenue. There was no one in it except Anster, who was sitting behind a wooden desk near the door. There was dust on the desk and on the telephone, and the shelves wore, generally, a dusty cast.

"Mr. Rudyard sent me," Kramer said.

"I know," Anster said. His skin was sallow, and there was a frightened look in his pale-blue eyes.

"I'll just look around, if you don't mind."

"Take your time," Anster said.

It was all routine. First came the sizing-up—the over-all dimensions, approximate number of books on one shelf multiplied by the others: say four thousand. Kramer did it in his head. There were also several dusty piles on the floor, and he added them mentally to his total.

The next step was the important one and took longer. Every shelf had to be sampled. Peering closely, he pulled out the first volume of *Tennyson: A Memoir*, by the poet's son, and looked at the price—$5.00 for the two volumes; Kramer knew it could fetch $7.50, or even $8.25. There were, he saw, quite a number of nineteenth-century out-of-print works which Anster had been unable to sell but which Rudyard & Son wouldn't even have to catalogue to clear out. Here, however, was a book—*Reveries of a Bachelor*—marked $2.50, worth perhaps $1; almost every secondhand bookshop had a copy, or used to have. Kramer had read it as a sophomore in college—the sweetest reading he had ever known, he thought to himself again.

As the sampling proceeded, he began to whittle down the marked prices to fifty cents, a quarter, or a dime—that was safe and businesslike; finally, he scribbled on a pad, noticing as he did so that his fingertips were black. He slipped the pad into a side pocket.

"Can I use your phone?" he asked.

Anster nodded. There was a faint red spot on his sallow cheeks.

"Hello," Kramer said. "I'm calling from the Lotus. Nothing much—I'd say five. Okay, five-fifty. Sure, I'll tell him." He turned to Anster whose pale-blue eyes were fixed on him. "Mr. Rudyard says you can have $550 for the stock. He also said you can sell anything you want to until the truck comes—that may not be for a couple of days." He spoke rapidly, disliking what he was doing. "If that's okay, he'll send the check out this morning." As an afterthought he added: "Maybe you'd prefer to think it over."

"I haven't time to think," Anster said quietly. "I'll take it."

"I think you're wise," Kramer said. "Well, good-bye, and good luck."

He glanced around the shop and left. On the corner he hailed a cab.

Rudyard & Son occupied two floors and the basement of a five-storey building in midtown. The famous Rudyard bookshop was on the street floor, while above it was the rare book department whose clients included the great libraries and private collectors of the world; it was here that Mr. Rudyard and Kramer worked. The basement was the depot for newly purchased books, and it was also

part of Kramer's job to look them over before the shop got them. He wished he could go there at once, to avoid the glittering, electric gaze of Mr. Rudyard's eyes.

"How did it go?" Mr. Rudyard asked.

"A bargain for us," Kramer replied, without enthusiasm.

"We haven't sold anything yet," Mr. Rudyard commented. He drew a cigar from his desk drawer and bit off the end.

It was not until the following week that Kramer found time to examine the Lotus stock. The books had had a preliminary sorting out by two clerks who could distinguish between fiction and non-fiction, prose and poetry, and had already separated the volumes in preparation for his descent. By the end of the afternoon he had set aside about a hundred for cataloguing. When he left for the day he took *Reveries of a Bachelor* with him; that night, while his wife watched the Emmy Awards on TV, he dipped into the book again, as he had done every few years since leaving college.

The book was a kind of touchstone, even though he could never hold on to a copy—the moment he began to talk about it he would be carried away, and then he always made a present of it. It had awakened him, while still in school, to idealist dreams; it had also opened up the world of books for him. Even before graduation he had begun to spend all he could spare on book purchases, haunting Fourth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street and some of the old shops downtown and in Brooklyn. When he liked an author, he read everything that author had done; when he began a "classic," no matter how dull the dull parts were, he read it through. A book or a story about a bookshop filled him with delight.

Perhaps, if he had not gone into the business of selling books he would have continued to buy them; but even now, occasionally, the look and feel of a book he had once loved brought back the circumstances of his first perusal and ownership. So it was with *Reveries of a Bachelor*, although he was aware, this time, that his endeavor to recapture past emotions was not meeting with success.

No—there was no longer any enchantment in reading for its own sake; books were only commodities, to be priced according to supply and demand. He was not even a bibliographer—merely an accountant. He heard his wife say, "Look who's on TV—Minow yet," and turned his gaze to the screen.

The next day, a few minutes after he resumed his work in the basement, his fingers closed around a book that bulged, as though more pages had been put into the binding than it could hold. In detective stories, he thought, people were always sticking things inside books—bonds, money, and especially wills.

He opened it. Tucked inside was a pamphlet at which he stared for a moment; then, without touching it, he rose from his desk, walked to the back and washed his hands. The clerks watched him as he left the basement.

Mr. Rudyard looked up in mild surprise as Kramer entered with a book in his hands; then, when it was laid before him, open, he stared, too. There was a shelf of bibliographies behind him; he swung in his chair, grasped one, and swung back. Then he opened his drawer and brought out a ruler.

"Are your hands clean?" he asked.

Kramer held them out.

"We'll check," Mr. Rudyard said.

"Ready," said Kramer.

"Philadelphia, William H. Graham, 1843."

"Check."

"Four and a half by seven and three-quarters."

"Check."

"*Murders*, page ten to forty; *Man That Was Used Up*, forty to forty-eight."

"Check."

"The price—twelve-and-a-half cents."

"Check."

"Is there something else?" Mr. Rudyard asked. Kramer was pointing.

"There's a wrapper," Kramer said quietly.

The two men looked at each other, each savouring the triumph of that moment in his own way. Kramer half expected to hear the electricity in Mr. Rudyard's eyes crackle out loud.

"It's from the Lotus," Kramer added.

"Is that so?" Mr. Rudyard said. "I'm going to call Seward."

(Continued on page 32)

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TWELVE-AND-A-HALF CENTS

(Continued from page 31)

His glittering eyes seemed to challenge Kramer.

"It's what I'd do," Kramer said, and put the ruler down. He was still standing.

Mr. Rudyard raised the receiver. "Get me Mr. Clifton Seward in Pittsburgh," he told the switchboard operator. He hung up and returned his gaze to the item lying before him: *The Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe.* Author of *The Gold Bug, Arthur Gordon Pym, Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque,* etc., etc., etc. *The Murders in the Rue Morgue,* and *The Man That Was Used Up.*

"There are eight known copies," Kramer said. "This makes the ninth."

"With the wrapper," Mr. Rudyard commented.

"With the wrapper," Kramer repeated. It was rare enough without it; with it, it was an extraordinary find.

The telephone rang.

"Hello," Mr. Rudyard said. "Mr. Seward? How are you on this fine spring day? No, I haven't got anything—I just wanted to ask you something. Are you still interested in acquiring a *Murders in the Rue Morgue?* I know where there is one, pristine and with the wrapper"—he paused to let it sink in—"and I wanted to be sure before I started going after it. Yes, I know how much you want it. But I'm afraid it's going to be expensive. Will you authorize me to go up to $30,000? I think you're doing the right thing. Very well—you'll hear from me."

Mr. Rudyard hung up and looked at Kramer as though appraising his assistant's intelligence over again. Then he began to relax—all but the eyes. "Sit down," he said. Kramer sat down. "You know," he went on, "that's the only thing I learned from my father that I might not have learned by myself. If you tell them you have it, they think they can get it for less because you want to sell. So you don't tell them. Makes them more eager." He opened his drawer, put the ruler back, and drew out two cigars. "Have one," he said. "You've done a morning's work. By the way, Kramer, when was the last time you had a raise?"

"Must be a year," Kramer said.

"I'll take care of it."

The two men smoked in silence.

"What about Anster?"

Kramer had not really meant to ask about him, but now that the words had slipped out he wondered what Mr. Rudyard would say. Mr. Rudyard took a long puff and exhaled the dense smoke slowly. Then he looked at Kramer as though sizing him up.

"You may think me hard," he began. "No, don't say anything. Or you may be thinking, here we've found a valuable item, and nothing has been said about Anster. Would it surprise you to know I have been thinking about Anster all the time you've been in this room?"

He took another puff.

"Anster is a sick man. Maybe he'll live, maybe he won't. Let us say he lives. Now I go to him and say, 'Anster, I bought your stock for $550 and found a very valuable item in it, and I want you to have a thousand dollars, or five thousand dollars, from the proceeds.' Fine and dandy. I'm the salt of the earth—they don't come better than old Rudyard. Then he spends the thousand, or the five thousand, on another operation, or he recovers from this one and tries to set himself up in business again. He can't make a go at it."

Mr. Rudyard paused, inviting Kramer's comment.

"He'd be back," Kramer said.

"That's it, that's it, my boy," Mr. Rudyard exclaimed in relief. "If I thought Anster would be satisfied—I don't care whether he's grateful or not—I'd write a check and go to him now."

"What if you added something to the purchase price?" Kramer suggested. A strange coincidence had just struck him—even with the fifty dollars Mr. Rudyard had added the average price per volume had been twelve-and-a-half cents.

"Worse," Mr. Rudyard said. "He'd wonder why. Then he'd hear about the sale, and he'd know."

"And he'd be back," Kramer said.

"He'd be back," Mr. Rudyard repeated.

WHEN IT WAS MAGIC TIME IN JERSEY

BY JOAN DIDION

Blessed with the gift for banter of a Calvin Coolidge and the conviviality of an Increase Mather, I am not what you would call a Television Natural. Although I once met a man on a plane who asked me what my line was, the man was not John Daly; none of my secrets would interest Garry Moore. And as for *The Price Is Right*, I not only have no idea what a fully-equipped Thunderbird costs, no idea what a fully-equipped pine-panelled snack bar costs, but in fact have some difficulty remembering, from paycheck to paycheck, what I cost.

Nonetheless, I once had my hour, however inadvertent, as a Television Personality: it wasn't "21" and it wasn't "64," but there I was, seen by the cognoscenti (all those acquaintances who could be alerted by telephone) for three consecutive nights on WNTA-TV, the New York channel which first gave the world not only me but *Open End* and *Play of the Week*.

As television careers go, mine began in relative ignorance (it ended, as things worked out, in much the same way) with a chance remark at a party that I was good at crossword puzzles. Since my bolt is in truth shot once I have hit upon the three-letter word meaning Japanese Sash, this was at best an overstatement of the facts, but it had been simply a case of wanting to seem agreeable: someone had said he liked to work crossword puzzles; did I?

Thirteen hours later, when I was called to account by an appeal to stand by as a contestant on what my informant called "some crossword show in Newark," I felt somewhat less agreeable. Uncomfortably, I could recall insisting, with a silvery laugh, that I was a perfect *fiend* for crossword puzzles, couldn't get *enough* of crossword puzzles; could remember suggesting in fact that we hunt up the crossword in that morning's *New York Times*.

At any rate, I assured myself that whatever Some Crossword Show In Newark involved, it could not be as disastrous as the time I had so convinced someone of my craze for dancing that he entered me in a dance contest at Small's Paradise in Harlem; nor could it be as bad as the morning I found myself, suffering from both vertigo and the recollection that I had only a week before declared my mania for skiing, on the chair lift at Squaw Valley.

At six-thirty that afternoon, I walked into a darkened Newark studio where Some Crossword Show was to begin at seven. (I appeared on the program two nights before I was certain of its name, *Double Cross*, partly because it seemed too late in the game to ask its name and partly because the pretty little girl who ran things referred to it as "Magic Time." I was pretty much in the dark as to whether "Magic Time" was some bit of televisiana in current usage among the In-group or simply the name of the program; her *vox angelica* delivery suggested the first hypothesis, but the sheer frequency of delivery lent considerable credence to the latter.)

I had been accompanied to Newark that night by the very acquaintance toward whom my modest claim had been directed; we were to be, he announced with misguided confidence, partners. Not long after he had remarked cheerfully that with any luck we would get our chance tonight and not long after I had stumbled on a cable, run my stocking, and burst into tears while attempting to reply in kind, we were apprehended by a young woman in a dirndl and flat-heeled shoes whose function in the operation never did become clear; my first thought was that she was scheduled to do her impression of a field-hockey captain from Wellesley, but we were never to know because she

(Continued on page 34)



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WHEN IT WAS MAGIC TIME IN JERSEY

(Continued from page 33)

never appeared again. Assuring us that "the others" (Wellesley girls? Crossword fiends?) would arrive "*toute suite*, angels," she loped off, pausing only to add heartily: "You'll recognize Allyn Edwards, natch."

She was wrong there, but before long a man showed up who so clearly assumed that he had been recognized that I assumed he was Allyn Edwards, whoever Allyn Edwards was. (He was, in fact, the quizmaster.) For several minutes the three of us exchanged portentous simpers, and after five minutes we even exchanged a few words: I had an ashtray, and he wanted it.

Next in was the pretty little girl who wanted to know if we were ready for Magic Time. She wanted to be called "Mary Ann," and there was an interlude of deceptive merriment before she produced a clipboard so large that it might have held all the cues for fifty-two weeks of the Como show, frowned prettily, and asked me, in so many words, what made me interesting. "You know," she prompted. "Outside-interest-wise."

It was soon clear that nothing did, Mary-Ann-wise. Although she brightened when my partner said he had gone to Harvard ("We once had another very bright contestant; not *only* was he a graduate of Harvard," and here she paused meaningfully, "but he also worked for BBDO."), I could offer no such gimmick. With the delicate deliberation of a huntress hot on the track of the biggest game of all, Mary Ann asked then if the two of us were "friends." When we denied this canard, she abandoned her clipboard in perceptible disgust.

It was about this time when I first asked Mary Ann how to play the game. (So far were we from having the answers that we did not even have the rules.)

"It couldn't be simpler," she said suspiciously. "There's nothing to it."

My partner assured her that we would doubtless catch on, but would, nonetheless, appreciate some sketchy information.

Mary Ann glanced furtively at her watch and began edging toward the set. "You arrived late, you know."

"The game," I repeated. "What is it."

"You've certainly watched it," she said, with an air of settling the question for once and all.

Although we denied it, there was no convincing Mary Ann, who was by then conveying the distinct impression that she would, if pressed further, take the Fifth. She handed me a folding chair, put one finger to her lips (it was Magic Time), and we spent the next fifteen minutes watching the Champions (an affable army sergeant and a radio and television performer, equally affable, named John Reed King) down the Challengers, on grounds which eluded me. I decided that it had perhaps been an affability contest.

It was fortunate that my partner employed those fifteen mintues more constructively, because before you could have said *Here's-Barbara-Britton-for-Revlon* (unhappily for *Double Cross*, you couldn't have), there we were, introduced to Greater New York as a couple of advertising copywriters, a biographical note which was in my case inaccurate. Before I could stall for time by correcting it, however, we had plunged on into the game, whatever the game was. Representing, spuriously or no, the great word-play tradition of Bruce Barton and Raymond Rubicam, I glanced at the monitor, watched myself smirk fatuously, and failed to identify a five-letter word meaning Huckster.

Nonetheless, the half-hour ended in a dead heat. Promising to appear the next night, we learned that the fun had just begun: part of the package was a dinner for the contestants at the Essex House in Newark.

The New York Times once called WNTA-TV a "three-ring circus." I don't know about that, but this was a three-ring dinner. At the head of the table, Mary Ann mourned *For Love or Money*, a network quiz which had at one time carried a peculiar merry sad-

ism out across America: *For Love or Money* contestants were offered a choice between merchandise in the hand and an undisclosed amount of money in the bush, and the entertainment lay in watching their greed trip them up. *For Love or Money* was a table topic of greater interest than you might think, because John Reed King, one of the evening's Champions, had been its master of ceremonies. Mary Ann twinkled mischievously as she described Mr. King's way of telling contestants that they had passed up the combination-refrigerator-freezer-and-spin-drier for three cents cash. Unfortunately both for Mr. King and for Mary Ann, who had worked on the show, CBS dropped *For Love or Money* late one Friday afternoon while Mary Ann was alone in the office working (quite superfluously, as the situation developed) on the Monday show. Mary Ann became gamer and gamer during this recital: *That's Show Biz*, as I feel certain she would have been the first to say had not the affable sergeant beaten her to it.

It seemed that the sergeant was in show business himself, kind of, in a manner of speaking; he made training films for the Strategic Air Command. Although he was, every time I turned his way, panning in over Great Falls, Montana, the sergeant was no man to drop all his eggs over Great Falls. He had recently completed, he told me, a *novella*. "I mean a short novel," he explained. "A fictional work."

Apparently on a theory that we might all improve our dispositions at dinner and emerge, at Magic Time, as veritable *Tic-Tac-Dough* contestants, we were asked to dinner, the next night, before the program. We had that night a new pair of nonplussed standbys, both of whom worked for the same paper company and neither of whom could persuade anyone to explain the rules. *Vis-à-vis* their bewilderment, the sergeant's geniality, and Mary Ann's determination, even I was touched by an uneasy camaraderie.

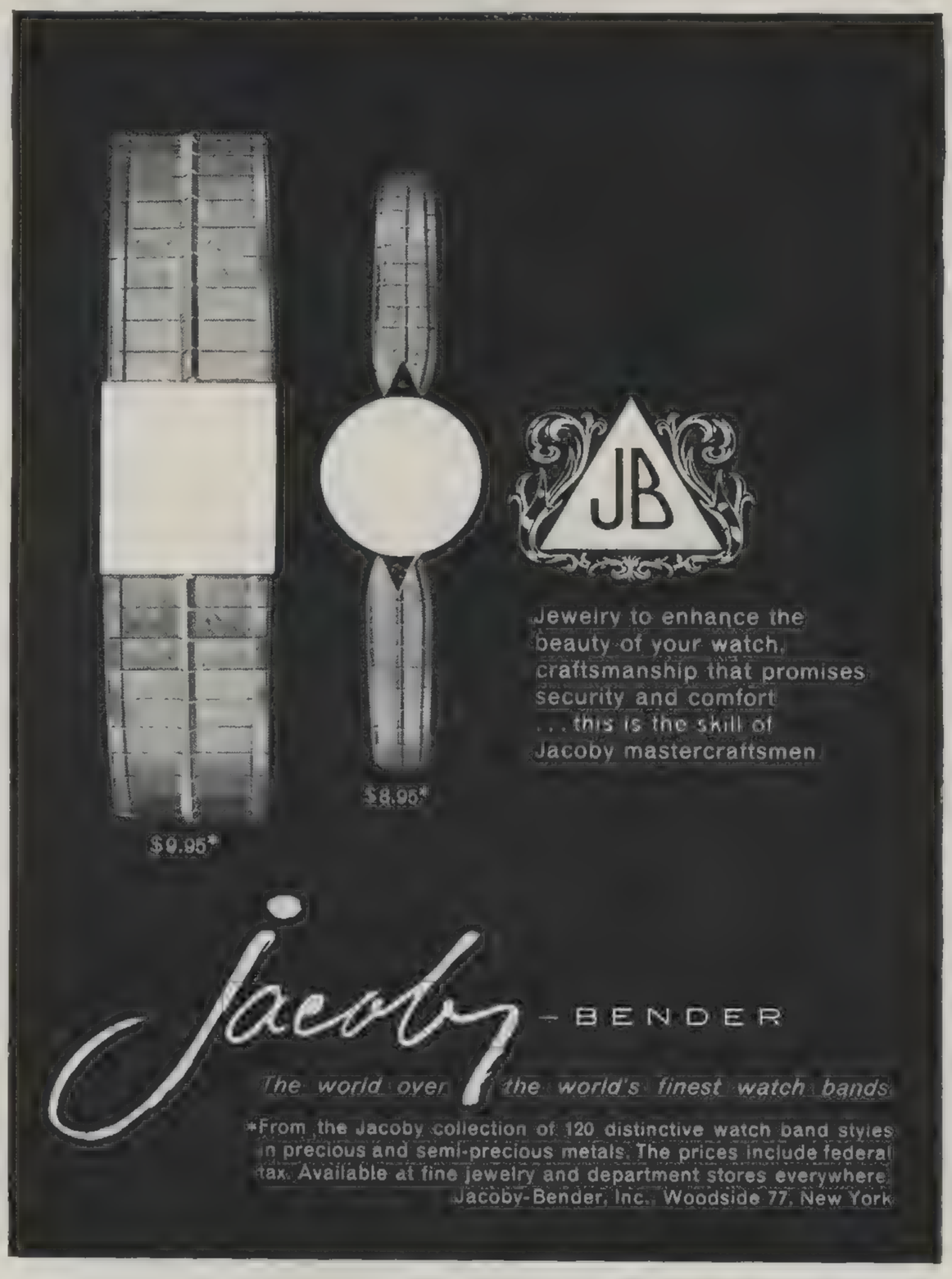
Although the central principle of the game still eluded me, I was pronounced a Champion that night, apparently because my partner rang a bell and announced that the double answer to what was called "the double cross clue," *both make good catches*, could be nothing but *Yogi Berra and June Bride*. How he arrived at this answer gnaws at my imagination still, but Mary Ann and I both counted him a credit to Harvard. Wondering expansively if together we might not crack prime network time, I managed to get off, ad lib, a mild witticism: "Good for you, Bob," I said, and Mr. Edwards smiled approvingly. I parlayed that coup by smiling proudly at what I thought was the studio audience, and my elation was dampened not at all by the discovery that the scattered applause at our success had originated in a drove of ducktailed gnomes snapping their fingers and dripping pizza around the set, hangers-on from the preceding program, *Hy Lit's Teenage Dance Party*.

Our moment of glory was, however, short-lived: on the following night those paper salesmen proved astute enough to figure out that the new double cross clue, *ways to go*, meant *Airship and Dogsled*. When I confided that I had been thinking more along the lines of *High Road and Low Road*, my partner comforted me by declaring that I had an extremely poetic turn of mind and could scarcely have been expected to notice that *High Road and Low Road* did not have exactly the same number of letters as there were spaces.

Combined, our winnings for the three nights totalled two pen-and-pencil sets, two bottles of "L'Aimant" Eau de Cologne, and two books by Bergen Evans; prizes which, in retrospect, more or less guaranteed that the fix had not been in. Although Mr. Edwards seemed to think that we had won two transistor radios as well, Mary Ann motioned no. I began to think that Mr. Edwards understood the rules about as well as I did, or possibly that Mary Ann made them

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ALL LANVIN PERFUMES ARE IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

WITH VOGUE THIS ISSUE

A. J. LIEBLING, one of the few writers capable of emerging with inflexible success from such perilous reportorial thickets as boxing, Chicago, Louisiana politics, and the vagaries of the New York press, proceeds not exactly with caution but with an undeceived eye, an infallible ear, and a great sense of the absurd. On October 17, Simon and Schuster will publish his new book *Between Meals*, an excerpt from which appears on page 160. (It is partly about meals, mostly about between them.)

EMILY HAHN, who wrote "Why I Love Hong Kong" on page 181, is a woman with a strong wit, a degree in mining engineering ("I wasn't good at history or languages"), and an immense file of facts and opinions, all knowing, about China. (Her newest book, to be published this spring: *China Only Yesterday.*) Now living in England, Miss Hahn recently spent some time in Southern Rhodesia, doing a series of *New Yorker* articles.

On page 180, there appears a photograph by **HORST P. HORST,** who, last January, boarded a BOAC jet for Hong Kong (more about which, on page 220), spent two months photographing throughout the Far East. More of those photographs will appear in issues to come; the one on page 180 shows one of Hong Kong's floating restaurants, converted junks strung with Christmas tree lights, glittering off in the bay like great ephemeral galas.

KAREN RADKAI, a woman of electric impulse and marmalade-coloured hair, photographed for this International Issue of Vogue the young Europeans on pages 182-193. Mrs. Radkai's pictures have appeared for some time in Vogue, most of them produced in the New York studio which she recently abandoned to live and work in Paris. From there she and Susan Train, Vogue's American representative in Europe, pursued a high-speed point-to-point by plane and car to photograph, in situ, this new crop of charm-drenched women whose lives are as interesting as their looks.

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Left: jacquard patterned jacket with a solid color sheath dress. Mist Green/Black, Espresso Brown/Black, Mist Blue/Black, Burgundy/Charcoal. Sizes 8 to 18. About $60. Right: portrait suit, dual colors of ottoman texture. Chocolate/Sand-beige, Black/Red, Charcoal/Burgundy, Wintergreen/Black. Sizes 8 to 18. About $60.

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At Best & Co., New York • Bramson's, Chicago • John Wanamaker, Philadelphia • Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. • and other fine stores.
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This is "Double Tulip Control." Vanity Fair's popular invention that uses all the power and pliancy of light-as-air Lycra® to shape you, and uses it double-strength for control exactly where you need it. No bones, zippers, bulk or rigidity—just a few ounces of beautiful figure! Choose from a palette of colors, fashion-cued to everything you wear. Long-leg pantie girdle here in Honeysuckle Beige, 15. Other Double Tulips to 27.50 Bra, 5.95. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

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The shirtwaist—dressed for evening. Pure silk with a belled skirt. Moonlight beige, royal, green and black. Designed by Belle Saunders. Sizes 8 to 16. About $70. At fine stores everywhere or write to Abe Schrader, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.

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New Clairol condition*



Actually makes your hair feel stronger!

Adds new bounce!

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Enhances hair color!

Actually makes your hair feel stronger

At last! Special beauty care for your hair

Now for the first time, a richly effective, corrective formula for troubled hair... unlike anything you've ever used before! Not a hairdressing, **condition*** is a fabulous beauty pack, a superb reconditioner evolved after three years of laboratory research by Clairol, the specialist in beautiful hair.

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You'll see and feel such a marvelous difference the very first time you use **condition***. Even in hair which seems hopelessly troubled! And that's because dried-out, parched hair quickly soaks up its lavish moisturizers. Dull, limp or brittle hair is revitalized to glorious new life and lustre. Spongy, over-porous hair is so tenderly built up—it actually feels stronger after **condition***!

Easy and quick to use

Now you can treat your hair as wonderfully as you treat your complexion. Simply use new **condition*** as a beauty pack after a shampoo. Use it generously, all over your hair and scalp. As pleasant and gentle as your most luxurious facial creme. Delightfully fragrant, so smooth, white and creamy. New **condition*** combs through hair freely, rinses out easily. No steaming under heat caps—heat is unnecessary.

Prescribed by hairdressers

Try it. See why hairdressers everywhere are prescribing **condition*** for dry and brittle hair. For dull, limp hair. For hair over-exposed to sun and sea... as well as hair in need of special attention before or after a permanent. New **condition*** has proved its beneficial magic again and again in salon use. Hairdressers like to use it while tinting, toning, lightening.

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE ★ Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

condition* saves time and, what's more, actually enhances the color of the hair.

Ask your hairdresser how often your hair needs **condition***. Remember, nothing does more for your beauty than shining, vigorous, well-cared-for hair. New **condition*** is the quickest, most effective way to help you achieve this! Now available at beauty salons and cosmetic counters.

Check here

Most women today have one or more of these hair troubles—do you?

- ☐ DRY HAIR
- ☐ OVER-PERMANENTED HAIR
- ☐ DULL, LIMP HAIR
- ☐ SUN-DAMAGED HAIR
- ☐ SPONGY TEXTURE
- ☐ BRITTLE HAIR
- ☐ SPLIT ENDS
- ☐ OVER-LIGHTENED HAIR

If you checked even one, we prescribe **condition***!



condition* is a Clairol trademark for this fabulous new creme formulated to meet the problems of *troubled hair* (our description for hair in need of reconditioning: dry, brittle, dull, limp, split at the ends, spongy, over-porous, over-permanented or sun-damaged).

condition* by Clairol

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THE 6 OBSTACLES TO BEAUTY & HOW TO OVERCOME THEM

2 1 3 5 4 6

MAX FACTOR reveals his secrets. Now there is no need to let these skin problems subtract from your total beauty.

1 FLAKY DRY SKIN. A dry complexion mars the beauty of any skin. Dryness accentuates lines ...adds years to your face. To put moisture back into your skin use Max Factor's Active Moisturizer. This humectant-rich formula is absorbed in 30 seconds...provides vital moisture that stays! Your skin feels fresher, velvety-soft even under make-up. *Active Moisturizer* **$2.50**



2 CROW'S FEET AND FATIGUE LINES. The delicate tissues around your eyes are very susceptible to dryness and telltale lines. Max Factor's Eye Creme Plus supplies the precious oils and moisturizers needed to avoid dryness and premature aging. The result is a younger look. Sagging and squint lines are discouraged. To keep the skin around your eyes looking smooth and youthful, use Eye Creme Plus every night. *Eye Creme Plus* **$1.50**



3 CLOGGED PORES. Dirt and debris can build up to clog pores ...hide the beauty of your skin. Max Factor's Double Depth Cleansing Cream is a super-rich lotion formulated with beauty oils. It is scientifically designed to penetrate and remove soil and make-up that soap and water cannot remove. Leaves skin radiantly clean. Beneficial even to very dry skin. *Double Depth Cleansing Cream* **$1.50**



4 TENSION AND FATIGUE. Nothing can subtract more from your beauty. Fresh Beauty Moisture Mask relaxes and refreshes. It floods your face with precious moisture, removes impurities, smooths skin. "Sets" in just ten minutes—comes off in one piece. Tension lines are eased, your face feels younger, as if you'd had eight hours beauty sleep in just ten minutes. *Fresh Beauty Mask* **$1.50**



5 UNBALANCED COMPLEXION. Secret Key, an exclusive Max Factor discovery, beauty-balances your skin. This balance helps creams and lotions to work with maximum effectiveness by bringing them into intimate contact with the skin. A cool refreshing lotion, Secret Key tones, conditions, and stimulates your skin. Use after cleansing skin, before make-up, and before bedtime. *Secret Key* **$1.50**



6 PREMATURE AGING. After 24, some skins do not produce natural moisture and hormones as abundantly. Your skin may begin to lose its youthful freshness. Cup of Youth is a balanced blend of emolients, moisturizers and estrogens ... rich and creamy, yet light as the petal of a rose. Cup of Youth softens, moisturizes and smooths as no other cream can—helps your skin become younger-looking. *Cup of Youth* **$5.00**





This is Matelassé
made with Celanese acetate
the beauty fiber

OLEG CASSINI felt the difference in this new kind of matelassé. Its depth and suppleness fit his taste exactly. No wonder he picked Julius Werk's elegant matelassé of Celanese acetate and rayon for this seductive, almost backless dress. Sizes 8-16. Black or brown. About $80 at Battelstein's, Houston; The Fair, Fort Worth; Goldwaters, Phoenix & Scottsdale; Neusteter's, Denver; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C. Celanese®

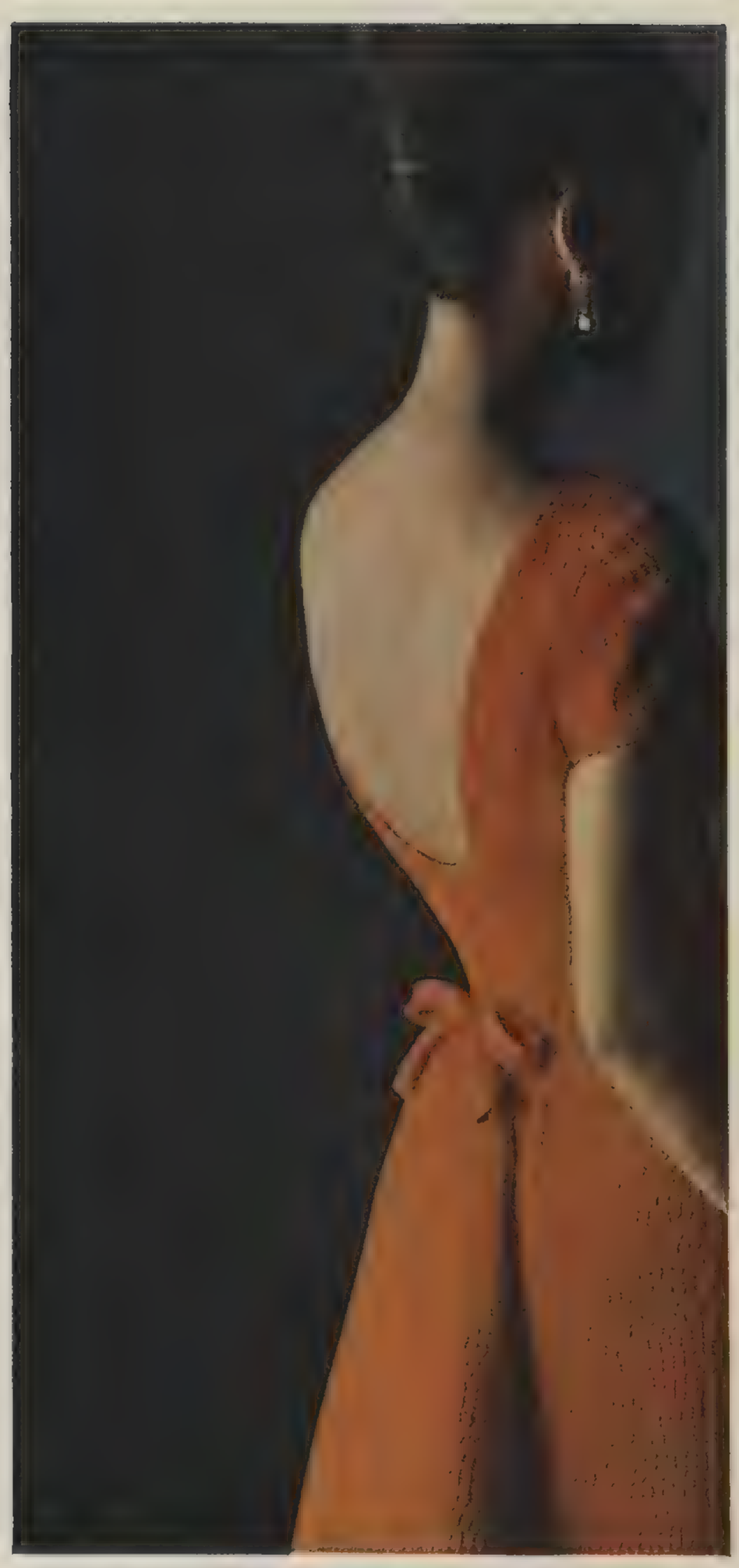
Celanese

Celanese Corporation of America



To fit each side of you perfectly, the cups are set—separately—in elastic mesh. Shown above in Something Blue, lace trimmed bra, #2164. Also in white, black, $3.95. In cotton, #2334, white, black $2.50.

One of the best-fitting bras ever made in black and white is now in radiant color, too! Tomorrow® by Warner's®



This is Matelassé
made with Celanese acetate
the beauty fiber

LEE CLAIRE sees new dimensions in matelassé of Celanese acetate and rayon. Rich with color and texture —shapes with refreshingly clean lines. Because Jacques Maisch wove the beauty in with Celanese acetate. Sizes 8-16. Orange, black, brown, red. About $70 at Lord & Taylor, New York; Jenny Company, Cincinatti; Joseph Magnin Co., California & Nevada; Gus Mayer, New Orleans & all stores; J.W. Robinson Co., L.A.

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It has a genuine cultured pearl. It's bathed in gold. You'll see its precious design in some of the most expensive jewelry stores. Is it worth cracking a safe for? Confidentially–why bother? You can buy it for the unbelievable price of just $2. The petal pin shown and matching earrings (not shown) are $2 each piece. Plus tax. Just one from a varied and unique collection at $2...at fine stores everywhere. **STAR JEWELRY** Co.,Inc.,411 Fifth Ave.,N.Y.



This is Matelassé
made with Celanese acetate
the beauty fiber

LESLIE FAY shapes this new matelassé softly—brings out its gentle, yielding nature. Celanese acetate and rayon were picked by Rosewood for just this effect of tasteful luxury. Acetate adds the richness. Green, brown, blue, or black. Sizes 10-18. About $25 at Lord & Taylor, New York; The J.L. Hudson Company, Detroit; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; J.W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles; D.H. Holmes Co. Ltd., New Orleans.

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Style Undies should be seen.



This is Matelassé
made with Celanese acetate
the beauty fiber

PARADE discovers new worlds of fashion in matelassé! Cohama gives it a new satiny surface with Celanese acetate and rayon. The Rajah coat (in black) is laminated for warmth. Sheath dress (white with black skirt) is sleeveless and low in back. Sizes 10-18. About $40 at Lord and Taylor, New York; The Broadway, Southern California; Burdine's, Miami; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Titche-Goettinger, Dallas. Celanese®

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SARA RIPAULT OF HERBERT SONDHEIM captures the magic of evening in a shimmering sheath of dramatic rayon velvet by Crompton, with softly shirred satin hugging the hip. Sylmer® finished for spot and water repellency. Black, sable brown. Sizes 8 to 16. About $115. Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc., 1071 Avenue of the Americas, New York 18.

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Such as one of these heavenly Joyce heelets that glide along just two willowy inches above ground. Definitely feminine and flattering. Infinitely fashionable and versatile. So soft and supple and lissome-light. So very truly yours, from Joyce. Top: Ultra Femme. Center: Merry Whirl. Bottom: Spell Binder.



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Christian Dior-New York
...the fashion-arrived-at look

. . . sweep of pure line from head to toe—dress, shoes, stockings—the coordinated look with the Christian Dior-New York signature. Dress in jet black wool matelassé is the right weight to double as a suit, to flourish under Piper-Pink coats shown on the next pages. The shoes, cut with Dior•Roger Vivier brevity, vampily strapped to show more leg, more stocking-shade (a new lush wispiness called Colombian Coffee).

Everything: all Bonwit Teller stores; Nan Duskin; Gidding's; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus.



New bubble of excitement: Piper-Pink fashions by Christian Dior-New York

Piper Pink champagne

. . . a pink and vervy brilliance from Piper-Heidsieck that, like all great champagnes, doesn't have to wait for dinner to be the sustaining pinkness in your life. Clear copies of Piper-Pinkness, the wool suits, (the one at left, curving over a lace blouse). The suits, stockings, shoes strapped on the slant: Christian Dior-New York. Suits and coats shown here, at all Bonwit Teller stores; Julius Garfinckel; Jeanette Beck; J. P. Allen; Gidding's; Himelhoch's; Harzfeld's.



Great fashion flights: Piper-Pink fashions by Christian Dior-New York

jetting with Air France ... the name that makes travel a floating-in-air proposition.

The list of jet stops reads like an atlas. The stop here: Air France lounge in New York's International Airport, an Air France Boeing 707 ready to jet away. Fashion thrust behind the tunic coat and the printed raincoat: Piper-Pink wool, float-y shape. Coats, stocking, alligator shoes and lighter-than-air boots, by Christian Dior-New York. The coats and suits here, at all Montaldos stores; Nan Duskin; Raphael's, Mobile; Goldring's; Seidenbach's; Frost Bros.; Best's Apparel.



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A FRENCH COUTURIER IN FUR. 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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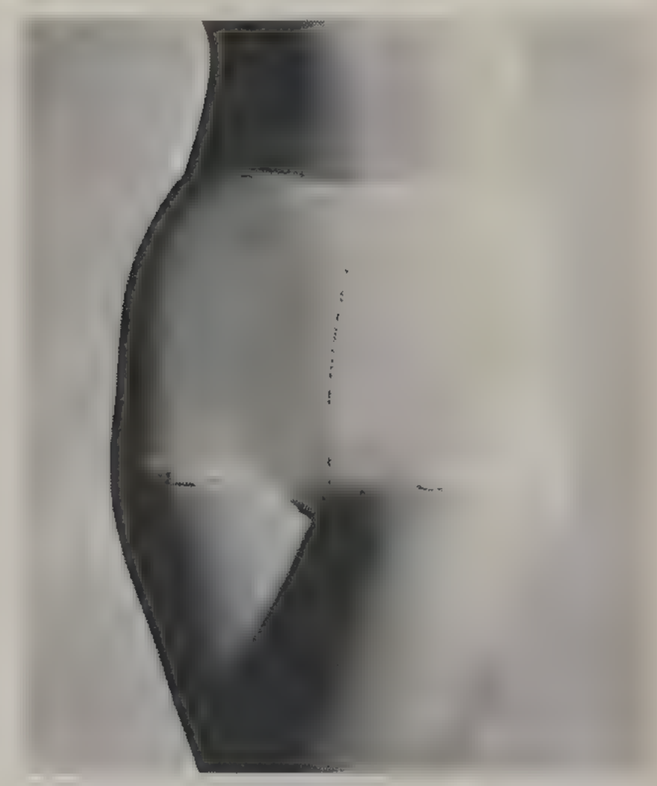
VYRENE spandex
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Light, little shape-makers
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Here, a magnificent new marble-knit cashmere cardigan, about 35.00. A matching worsted skirt, about 17.00. Coordinated in hazel, bordeaux or riviera blue with black. Bernhard Altmann, 100 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y.



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Whichever way you go, you'll meet fascinating people from every part of the world.

When to run away to sea—and sunshine

Any season assures calm cruising in these sunny southern seas. For instance, while the U. S. is whiplashed by winter, October through April is spring and summertime in Australia, New Zealand and the South Pacific.

This topsy-turvy system makes for happy sailing. For example, you can leave here in the dead of winter, find summer in the South Pacific, and arrive in England in spring weather. Mad but pleasant.

See your travel agent soon. He's your knowing friend—and most willing accomplice—when you plan to run away to sea.

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A lingerie-delicate paisley, airy and charming under everything you wear! In the newest lingerie pastels: Toffee with petal pink; toffee with white; toffee with ariel blue. Bra and girdle also come in toffee with honey mist or sparkling champagne. Formfit uew "Laughter" Bra, toffee-tone paisley print on sheer nylon tricot over pastel tricot lining. Spandex elastic front band for fit with freedom. 32A to 38C. $3.95 Matching longleg Skippies; airweight Spandex elastic with nylon tricot front and hip control, Spandex satin elastic back control. S. M. L. $10.95 (regular length pantie or girdle, $8.95) Rogers "Paisley Pastel" nylon tricot slip, famous flattering fit, sizes 32 to 38 short; 32 to 40 average. $8. Half-slip and Petti-Pant $5. Brief $2.50. All fine stores. The Formfit Company, Chicago, New York, Paris and Rogers Lingerie, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, New York, are both fashion divisions of Genesco.

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A dramatic flow of surprise color in polished calf...this is Fall fashion beautifully summarized.
The new Jacqueline pump...completely feminine...softly mannered. Most styles 12.99 to 14.99.

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Have you lost touch with your skin?



Plan to get in touch again

Do you want to make it all up to your neglected skin, but don't know how to begin? It's as simple as one, two, three. First. Stop experimenting with creams and lotions right for someone else, but wrong for you. Instead. Get in touch with an Elizabeth Arden consultant today. Specially trained by Elizabeth Arden, she goes to work for you alone. Quickly, her expert eye analyzes your skin's deficiencies and trouble areas. Next, she draws up a simple 3-step five-minute daily skin-care plan for you to follow at home. From all the pure nourishing Elizabeth Arden Essentials she selects just the right deep cleansing cream, the right toning lotion, the right smoothing night cream, to return to your skin many of the precious nutriments it has lost.

Cleanse. Tone. Smooth. Just three easy steps that become a master plan to show your skin you really care. Once you begin, the five-minute Essential Plan becomes as automatic as brushing your teeth. In one day you will see the beautiful difference. Meet the Elizabeth Arden consultant at your favorite cosmetic department and start the pink world of Elizabeth Arden revolving around you.

CLEANSE your skin morning and night with the deep pure action of Ardena Cleansing Cream, *2.25, 3.50, 6.00*

TONE your skin, after thorough cleansing, with the refreshing virtues of Ardena Skin Lotion, *2.25, 3.50, 6.50*

SMOOTH and nurture your skin overnight with the precious nutriments of Crème Extrordinaire, *4.50, 10.00* and *20.00* (travel size.) All prices plus tax.

Elizabeth Arden

New York London Paris

© 1962 ELIZABETH ARDEN

WHEN IT WAS MAGIC TIME IN JERSEY

(Continued from page 35)

up as the game progressed. There was about the entire program, as far as that went, something hauntingly suggestive of *Tonight We Improvise.*

Double Cross did gain me the interest and concern of all my friends, if not of the Internal Revenue. I received midnight calls from five acquaintances, three of whom wanted me to know that I could get better prizes and 3¼% besides by depositing $25 in the New York Savings Bank. (I countered with the fact that the New York Savings Bank would not transport me to and from Newark in a Carey Cadillac, as *Double Cross* would and did. As one of them conceded, "Sweetie, you got interests in Newark, this is strictly the deal.")

A sixth friend, after trying three bars, all tuned in on *Men of Annapolis,* caught my act right in the NTA offices in the Coliseum Building. He was first stopped at the door by a man (reportedly wearing a George Raft suit and a J. Press tie) who said they didn't have any television sets at NTA. Pressed, he allowed finally that NTA did, after all, have a set; had, in fact, two sets, and before long my friend was helping me on from a cobbler's bench arranged tastefully in front of one of them. When his disgust with my performance became audible, he was brought up short by the gentleman in the George Raft suit, who banged the cobbler's bench, delighted. "We hooked you," he crooned. "When you start talkin' back to the set, sweetheart, *we got you hooked.*"

Nonetheless, my fan had the *Double Cross* monkey off his back before he was even downstairs, and can offer no more leads than I can as to what became of *Double Cross.* All America knows what happened to the fast guns: to the boys who shot it out way out there where the ratings began, to the women who stood beside them. But what of Mr. Edwards? What of Mary Ann? Whither the magic that was in Newark?



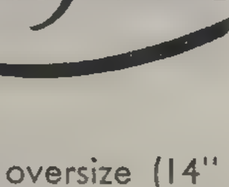
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B-OPERETTA, demi-size (8" wide $99.50. Petite (7" wide) $79.50. Black only. all prices plus tax

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FOURPOSTER GROUP

Clever of you to recapture the romance of yesteryear with modern young sleep fashions as bewitchingly feminine as they are warm. In opaque nylon tricot with a convent schoolgirl yoke embroidered and val lace frilled.
Pink, Blue, Mint, Red, 32-42; gown $8.95, pajamas $10.95.
Not shown, waltz gown and sleepcoat, each $8.95.

EXQUISITE LINGERIE WITH THE FRENCH SEAMSTRESS FINISH

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Ladies are famous for changing things. Like minds and diapers and seats at the movies. These days a woman can have her heart set on one certain fur—and (just like that!) be struck by the lightning excitement of leopard. (It's a pity that leopard is suddenly the world's most in-demand fur because the splendid, spotted pelts are just as scarce as ever and that is very scarce indeed.) But if you're the woman who can carry it off—if you're up to the challenge of leopard—here's a coat to capture you completely. It's framed in a great flare of collar and the silhouette (à la Paris) moves gently closer to the body. It bears the famed Fantasia label so you and your furrier know its quality is unsurpassed. We simply add a warning note: this coat will be followed by tall, dark strangers and may just possibly change your whole life. For the name of the nearest retail establishment prepared to show you Fantasia Furs, inquire of Stessel Ware Prince, 333 Seventh Ave, N.Y. 1. *Fantasia Furs*



Delightful to dream in, a dream to care for...this blend of nylon, Dacron and silk, woven by Barbizon. Here in a waltz gown with tucked yoke, sweet roses and imported nylon lace. "Celeste" in candlelight, petal and blue. At all fine stores. $9.00

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HERBERT SONDHEIM
flatters with graceful panel pleats
in pheasant brown.
100% Courtelle® acrylic—
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You were born with a soft, smooth, fresh complexion . . . why not keep it?

Very young skin is bountifully supplied with natural oils and moisture. Now science has found a way to maintain this vital moisture balance at any age. ☐ Mere moisture isn't enough. Oils alone can't cope, when your own personal "moisture-factory" begins to slow down. To keep the soft, dewy look of a young complexion, you need both oils and moisture. That's why Jacqueline Cochran gives you both in Flowing Velvet with exclusive Hydrolin . . . the only formula that provides a normal balance of polyunsaturated beauty oils and pure natural moisture in one rich dual-emulsion. ☐ *The woman who uses Flowing Velvet regularly never has a dry skin problem.* This unique flowing cream penetrates deeply, evenly, supplying vital oils and moisture to the sub-surface tissues where dry-skin aging starts. It's absolutely greaseless; works invisibly under make-up, works non-stop while you sleep. ☐ Treat your skin to Flowing Velvet soon (a more-than-two-months' supply costs just 3.50 plus tax). You were born with a soft, smooth, fresh complexion . . . and you can keep it that way, with Flowing Velvet.



FLOWING VELVET by *Jacqueline Cochran*

ORIGINATOR OF THE MOISTURE CONCEPT

You get out of a dress what you put in it

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Smart women prepare the figure to fit the dress. So if you'd like to be a size smaller, look years younger, try on Enhance. Its taper technique is so revolutionary it's patented. Shown in spandex, 18.95.

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Introducing Coral Flame and Firelight Red...

the new color flare for lips and fingertips.
Created by Dorothy Gray for the woman
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The New American Beauty.

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red with a flicker of golden light,
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...a long, slender wand of color
that outlines, defines even
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Matching nail enamel in the
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protects nails, counteracts
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all over to avoid smearing.



Coral Flame or Firelight Red lipstick, available in Fashion Slim or regular case each $1.50. Matching Fashion Finish Nail Enamel, $1.25. • Red-on-red hat by Adolfo, wool coat dress designed by Anthony Blotta...especially for Dorothy Gray.

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The cherished care
for complexion and hair—


new dazzling reds



YOU COLORS that echo your hair

You Colors by Hansen create a totally new inspiration for personalizing your fall costumes. Select the glove colors that echo your hair and discover a new expression of fashion that is completely you.

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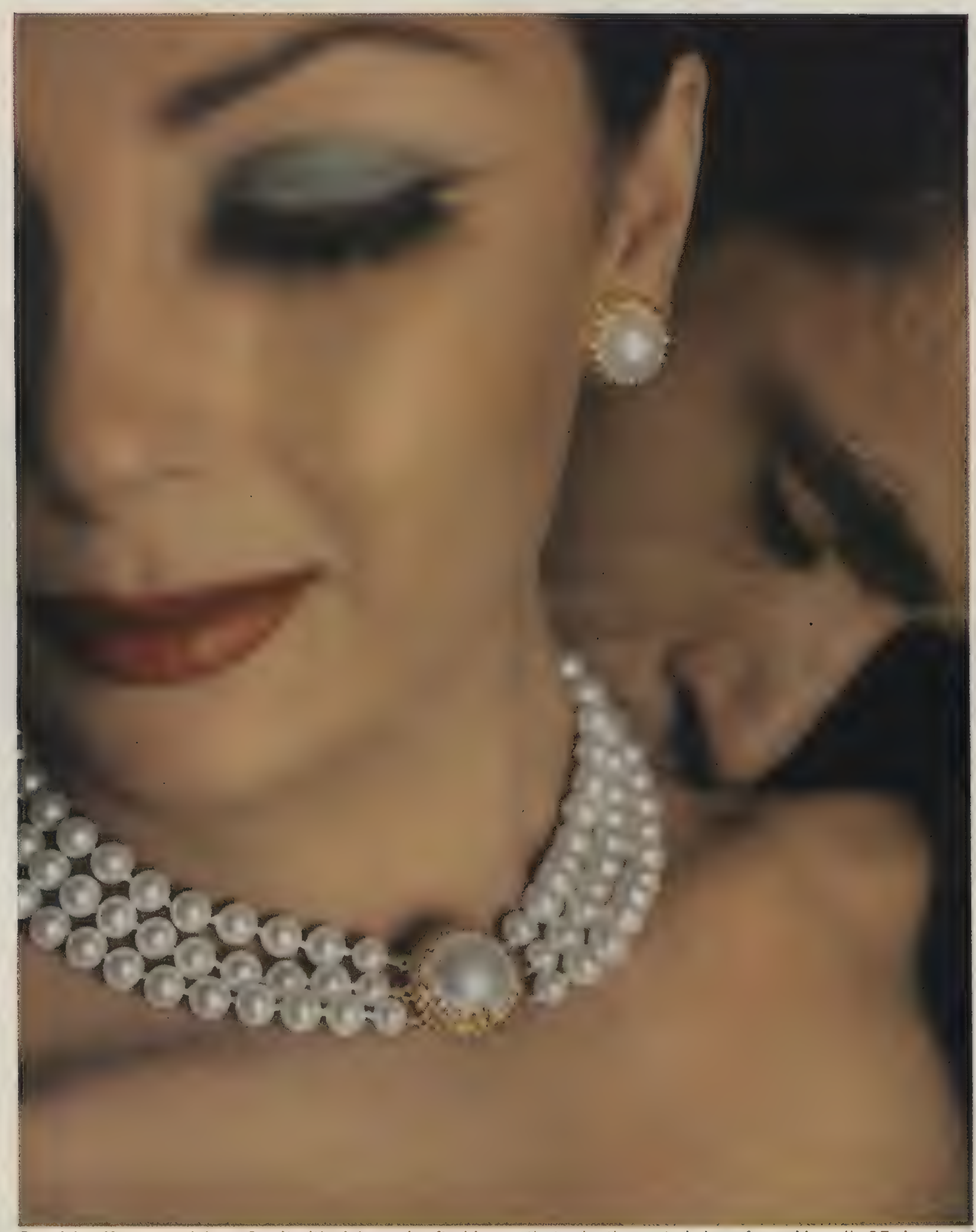
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THE ART OF BEING BEAUTIFUL! When it comes to fashion, wool knows all the beauty secrets. Naturally moisturized, wool's stay-fresh complexion flatters yours. Dye-absorbing wool gives color rich depths and clarity—lights up your face with all the glamour of make-up. Soft and supple wool responds to every fashion silhouette, rejuvenates right on the hanger. Look younger and more beautiful in wool. Left, new shapelier suit with longer jacket in Cinebar Brown textured wool. Right, braid-trimmed hip-bone jacket in suit of Majorca Blue wool tweed. Both in sizes 8 to 16. Each about $70. Fabrics by Ria Herlinger. Styled by BOYKOFF.

There's still nothing newer in fashion than natural wool loomed and knitted in America.

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For further information, write American Wool Council (a division of ASPC), Dept. WW-2562, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.



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CAMPUS GIRL'S blaze of at-home glory in new brushed "Antron", the nylon so aloof it goes by another name. Washable, of course. Jewel buttons on gem colors of ruby, amber or sapphire. Sizes 10 to 18. About $15. At Loveman's, Birmingham; The Broadway, Los Angeles; Kresge-Newark; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Meier & Frank, Portland & Salem; McCurdy's, Rochester; Scruggs Vandervoort Barney, St. Louis.

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Vodka 80 Proof. Distilled from 100% Grain. Gilbey's Distilled London Dry Gin. 90 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Cin., O. Distr. by National Distillers Prod. Co.



Smart, smooth, spirited... Gilbey's Vodka

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Gilbey's Vodka dramatizes flavor, not with taste of its own, but with smart, smooth, undetectable spirit. This real difference is why the people who discovered vodka are now asking for Gilbey's more and more. Sensibly priced, too.

***SCREWDRIVER**—Mix together 1½ ozs. Gilbey's Vodka and 3 ozs. well-chilled orange juice. Pour into sour glass. Add garnish of orange slice or cherry if desired.*



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in precious-looking accent notes
richly glowing in the magnificent light
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®"Lycra" is Du Pont's trademark for its spandex fiber.

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GREAT MANNEQUINS®

Famous fashion model Suzy Parker and the model-of-fashion Mannequin shoes she's cuddling up to

"Moonbeam," about $13, slightly higher in the West. At great stores. Or write: **MANNEQUIN SHOES** A Genesco Division 112 West 34th Street, New York 1, New York



BEAUTIFUL AND BARE PANT'-LETTES
LADY MARLENE

The most deliciously-bared shoulders, the most wickedly-curved waistlines ... all in a handful of Lycra®, the miracle spandex that's as light as an echo, yet amazingly, durably strong! Such breezy coolness, such easy comfort ... so quick to wash and dry! Strapless, long-legged Pant'-lette, for a slim thigh-line under fashion sheaths or pants. Contour cups, low back, front-zipper, lavished with delicate nylon lace. $25. Short version, $22.50. Both in White or Black, B and C cups. At fine stores everywhere or write Lady Marlene Brassiere Corp., 20 West 33rd Street, New York 1, New York.

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Pauline Trigere sculps emerald-on-moss silk brocatelle to achieve a sudden silhouette. The fluted "Capelet" is shaped and mannered by the backing magic of Scott Apparel Foam*. TRIGERE fashion available at MARTHA, New York; FRANCES WRIGHT, Memphis; FROST BROS., San Antonio; J. P. ALLEN, Atlanta; BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE, Beverly Hills.



"the Beautifuls" at home with Evelyn Pearson®

2 looks that make leisure a delightful necessity. Think-mink in deep posh acrylic pile boasting satin orchid appliqué. Gold Mist, Rouge, Azure. Petite, S, M, L. About $23. Go Victorian in velvety fleece of Arnel® triacetate and nylon...embroidered bouquets framed with lace. Pink, Blue, White. 10 to 20. About $17. At Franklin Simon, New York; Rich's, Atlanta; Marshall Field, Chicago; Sakowitz Bros., Houston; Burdine's, Miami; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; or write Evelyn Pearson, Inc., Empire State Building, New York 1.

CASCADE: brilliant shower of imported cut crystals sparkling over lustrous simulated pearls, $30. Earrings from $3. Prices plus tax. At better stores everywhere.

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Richelieu®
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HOLLYWOOD *Vassarette*® INTRODUCES "LUCERNE" SWISS EMBROIDERY

The exquisite art of flower embroidery as done by the master craftsmen of Switzerland. Hollywood Vassarette imports the original designs to inspire a new collection that's notable for its gentle elegance "underneath-it-all". Here: "Lucerne" flower traceries in brown on eggshell; also black on white, all white or all black. The nylon sheer bra, 5.00; the girdle (or leg pantie), a fresh breeze of nylon, acetate and Lycra® spandex, paneled in front with embroidered nylon sheer, 12.95. Nylon Valenciennes lace frills the matching lingerie: the nylon tricot slip with all-over embroidery on the bodice, 8.95; the flounced petticoat, 8.95. At all fine stores.

DIVISION OF MUNSINGWEAR, INC. / 261 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY ® DU PONT'S SPANDEX

HOLLYWOOD *Vassarette*® BRINGS YOU ARMFULS OF FLOWERS FROM SPAIN

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Hollywood Vassarette presents the exciting print "Mediterranea" in lingerie, bras, girdles. Luxuriate in these rich colors of the countryside – the Spanish-inspired shades that captivate the fashion world this Fall "underneath-it-all". We show the print here in sunlit Spanish Sherry latticed with black, wonderfully warm shades to wear under autumn browns and blacks. Also in vibrant Granada pink or Madrid blue. The nylon sheer bra, 5.00. The leg pantie (or girdle): travel-light ounces of nylon, tricot acetate and Lycra® spandex paneled in nylon sheer, 8.95. Matched to Hollywood Vassarette's Antron® nylon petticoat, excitingly designed with floral front and back and a sideview of white, 5.95. At all fine stores.

Navy has a lighter,
brighter look this season!
Hollywood Vassarette calls
it Royal Navy, sees it as
an important new "underneath-it-all"
shade. Whatever your outerwear
mood this Fall, there's a color to
mix, match or blend in Hollywood
Vassarette's famous Matchmaker
collection: bras, girdles and
lingerie all coordinated in fashion
colors and exquisite nylon lace trims.
See also Sachet Pink, Blue Spark,
Flare Red, Golden Haze, Breezy Blue,
Lemon White, Black, and White. Shown
here, the lacy nylon tricot slip,
5.95. Temptress® wide neckline
and decollete bra, 5.95; the long-
leg pantie trims thighs in mere
ounces of nylon, Lycra® spandex and
acetate, front-paneled in nylon lace,
10.95. (Brief or girdle 8.95).
At all fine stores.

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ROYAL NAVY MAKES NEWS IN MATCHMAKERS BY HOLLYWOOD Vassarette®



Tailored elegance . . . yours for the walking. Just three from
Selby's great new collection . . . each tailored in luxurious soft leathers . . . each especially handsome
in the tawny browns of *this* autumn. And with Selby's famous hidden comfort features, on easy-going stacked heels,
there's nothing they'd rather do than walk! Top, Envoy; left, Polo; right, Traveler.
Most styles $16.95 to $19.95. Slightly higher in the West.

Selby FASHION . . . WITH AN UNFORGETTABLE FEELING OF COMFORT

FOR NAME OF NEAREST RETAILER, WRITE DEPT. V-92, SELBY DIVISION OF THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORPORATION, CINCINNATI 7, OHIO



You "feel" luxurious in new-fashion ULTRASON stockings by NoMend because they have the soft feel and perfect fit of silk. Cool in summer, warm in winter, they're kind to comfort-loving soles the year 'round. Their flattering matte finish never washes out. Sound waves make the difference... the fashion difference you feel in ULTRASONS by NoMend.

Seamless—Dress Sheer, Evening Sheer and new, run-resist Dress Sheer; with seams—Dress Sheer and Walk Sheer. $1.65 at fine stores. For name of store nearest you, write: NoMend Hosiery, 600 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.



Only a Perma•lift Bra is truly Self-Fitting…each cup conforms to your exact size…allows for every figure change

You actually know you're wearing a Perma•lift® Self-Fitting Bra, even blindfolded, by the way it feels on your figure. There isn't another bra that fits each side so perfectly or allows for figure variations between cup sizes! This is a beautiful combination of cotton and nylon. Contour cups too, for a lovely, rounded figure, $3.95. Try it soon.

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JUST FEEL THE DIFFERENCE IN FIT

PERMA•LIFT IS A TRADEMARK OF A. STEIN & COMPANY, INC.—ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH

Something beautiful
will happen to your complexion
if you mail the coupon below.
Yours will be among the first to benefit
from a great new cosmetic by Empress Dilene!

Emlin®

with the luxurious oils from precious mink!



Here is a revolutionary new cosmetic. It is an exclusive formula by Empress Dilene® containing an extraordinary ingredient, EMLIN, the luxurious oils from precious mink!

Here are the dramatic, the almost-incredible facts. For many, many years, America's rugged mink ranchers as they worked with the opulent pelts in the bitter winter, noticed that the harsh, damaging winds did not roughen or chap their hands. Even nicks and scratches caused by their arduous labors, healed rapidly; disappearing without a trace. Paradoxically, their hands became softer, smoother. This puzzle challenged an alert group to contact a renowned laboratory for the answers. (Little did they know they had discovered a superior cosmetic agent.) Today, the results after nine years of scientific development and research, chemical testing, proving and refining. Today, perfection with EMLIN, the luxurious oils from precious mink. Now available in creams and lotions for beautiful skin. EMLIN the exclusive ingredient that might well change the entire cosmetic industry because of these reasons:

EMLIN is one of the finest and richest natural oils obtainable.
EMLIN, because of its superior penetrating qualities, softens skin almost instantly.
EMLIN will not leave a trace of oiliness.
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EMLIN is non-toxic, non-irritating. Will not stain clothing.
EMLIN's balanced beauty formula in creams and lotions cleanses, lubricates, stimulates, conditions, protects.

Take advantage of these many attributes already proven effective and heralded by women who have tested it. To enable you to do so, we offer you this special trial introduction. Merely fill in the coupon and mail with $1.00 for postage and handling. You will receive four of the outstanding products. SATIN CLEANSER, scientifically prepared to reach deep down and remove dirt and make-up. IRIS FRESHENER, invigorates, stimulates and removes invisible dust particles. Lets your skin breathe again. EMOISTEN CREME, replenishes moisture, dewy freshness that lasts! HAND AND BODY CREME, super-rich in nature's exclusive moisturizer; rids dryness; wonderful for problem-type skin too.

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Please send me your special introductory box, containing four products with an Emlin (mink oils) base. I enclose $1.00.

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This special offer expires December 15, 1962. Sorry, only one to each person. (Please allow three weeks for delivery.)



The Young American...scene by SACONY.

ASTOUNDING PERFORMERS...Susie Long Legs tights of gentle stretch nylon yarn. They're **shaped to fit**...knit with accent on quality and long wear. Proportioned for Very Small, Small, Medium and Large, in full fashioned, $2.50 or seamless $2.25. All in real live-wire colors. Boxed in ones or **threes**—they're sure to please. At fine stores everywhere.

SACONY, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

Salon profile:

Rue de la Paix

You probably won't find, anywhere in New York, a small beauty salon with a more varied beauty menu than that offered at the Rue de la Paix. A one-floor floor-through salon a short elevator trip up 4 East 53rd Street, it has six booths in which any of the following may be going on at any given moment: waxing; a facial massage; eyelash dyeing; eyebrow plucking; and sometimes, of course, several of these electives at a time. However the salon's greatest accomplishment probably lies in the field of hair-colouring—not exactly a daisy field (a fact acknowledged by anyone who knows what an unpredictable protein hair is).

Madame Rose Reti, the salon directrice, has seen so much of hair's behaviour in so many colouring situations that almost nothing can surprise or unnerve her. A Hungarian lady version of Ben Casey (but pleasanter), she moves about the salon checking, prescribing, questioning, timer in hand and, around her neck, a stethoscope-looking thing which proved to be an armature in which she rests her dye-pot.

A pretty woman whose own hair is a soft, pale, golden brown (handiwork or not, unknown), she evidently has an immense reputation in hair-dyeing—a fact which one might not necessarily connect with the somewhat dégagé atmosphere of the salon. What Madame Reti might decide to do for you, for example, is to highlight your hair. One of her several ways of highlighting: she has the hair brushed well; then she fluffs it into shape; and while it's still full of natural electricity, she paints its nimbus with mild bleach stroked on with an inch-wide household paintbrush.

This way only the strands of the hair that stand farthest from the head are hit with the *coup de soleil.*

Bleach touches and "selects" the strands just as the sun would.

"Pettipets" walk... stride... dance...
with the ease of pants
under slim or full skirts.

as fluid in silhouette
as a petticoat,
as easy-to-wear
as pants—
"Pettipets" are
fuller, freer
more feminine!



"Pettipets", the petticoat that divides
to multiply fashion and freedom—
in a bevy of styles all in quality tricot
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at fine stores everywhere.

THE LOVELIEST THINGS ARE IN

Seamprufe

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Acclaimed in France,

Helena Rubinstein's Skin Life is the only night cream containing selected rare-herbal elements (long acknowledged for their beauty benefits) and exclusive bio-natural extracts *never before used in cosmetics.*

Here at last is a night cream so uniquely rich and emollient, so incredibly light-textured and virtually greaseless ...that you will find Skin Life the most satisfying cream you have ever known.

Conceived by Helena Rubinstein in France, Skin Life enjoyed its first success among internationally known women. This is the one night cream, so rapidly absorbed, it brings its exclusive biological-herbal formulation into instant contact with dry, fatigued skin. You will see and feel new radiance! Skin Life is amazingly effective in helping to bring a new freshness ... a more youthful, glowing, animated look to your complexion. Every woman should experience the beauty transformation Skin Life® can bring. Now is the time for *you*!

Helena Rubinstein®

Herbessence
Skin Life Cream
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now made in this country...

Helena Rubinstein's amazing Herbessence

Skin Life Cream!

Now is the time to discover for yourself the beauty-rewards of Skin Life Cream ...or another extraordinary Herbessence preparation...and receive a free gift from Helena Rubinstein's Fifth Avenue Salon. Use the order form below!



Herbessence Cream Cleanser —fresh, green herbal creamy-liquid that beautifies far beyond the duty of a cleanser. Removes every speck of make-up and soot as it clarifies appearance of skin, helps refine texture. 3.00, 5.00



Herbessence Skin Life Emulsion — the same exclusive bio-natural formula in a greaseless, daytime emulsion to continue your Skin Life care all day long *while* it brings a luminous glow to your make-up! 10.00, 17.50



Illumination® Foundation — Lovely, moisturizing liquid make-up that brings a youthful glow to your complexion. In 7 shades. 5.00



Herbessence Beauty Bath — Delicious body beauty treatment to bathe away dry skin! A few fragrant drops in your tub and you emerge newly supple and smooth to the touch, all over! 3.50, 5.50

Herbessence™ Skin Life Cream — as described on opposite page. 10.00, 17.50

Herbessence Stimulotion™ — Before an important event enliven your looks with this brief, but dynamic facial. Your skin tingles as local circulation brings high color. The lovely glow lasts hours! 5.00

Herbessence Body Smooth™ — Massage this exclusive, richly emollient, non-greasy lotion on legs, arms, rough elbows *after* your Beauty Bath, for *added* protection from drying weather. 2.50, 4.00

Herbessence Eye Cream — Unique blend of herbal essences and rich lubricating ingredients. Works gently to smooth delicate area around eyes, where those little lines appear. 5.00, 8.50

Herbessence Eye Pads — refreshing, soothing pads saturated with comforting, cooling herbal and other natural ingredients, help reduce puffiness around the eye area. 3.00

Illumination® Face Powder — blended with English processed silk, this clinging powder harmonizes perfectly with Illumination Foundation. 5.00

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PRICES PLUS TAX

36962

WALES

BY ALUN OWEN

Whenever we get to talking about Wales and I force the conversation towards the safety of the nonconformist conscience, I know that most people's image of the Principality is a gang of semi-organized Taffs, banked like daffodils, in deep rows of tenors and basses, bawling, in almost slavic unison, mournful hymns, or solemnly singing the nonsense (and it is wonderful nonsense) of Sospan Fach—all this, of course, against a backdrop of pitheads, slag heaps, and furious midgets playing elementary school rugby.

Well, it's not like this for me. When Wales comes up, I always get fidgety, then I hear Great-Aunt Lena's voice calling me to order with, "Sid, you got ants in your pants!" Sid is my father's name, but my Great-Aunt Lena on the few occasions we met always called me Sid and she was not a woman with whom you argued. She was, and is, the face of Wales to me, white hair, rosy cheeks, bright blue eyes, and in profile a nutcracker, nose diving at chin, the face split in a smile.

Why does Wales make you think of your Aunt Lena, get to the point, what's in it for us?

I was at school in Llangefni. I decided to go and see Great-Aunt Lena. I rode my bike through the soft, drenching rain the ten miles to her home. She was kind enough to give me scones, cake, and tea, and when the time came for me to go she presented me with a ten-shilling note. I held it in my hand for barely a minute, she then took it back with the words, "Now I'll send this to your mother; she'll be able to buy you something useful with it." Well, that's been my relationship with Wales; she gives me ten shillings, but she takes it back because she knows I'm not to be trusted with ready cash.

In the beginning, that green island off the mainland, joined by a gently swaying suspension bridge, was the Wales I knew best. I came to the south slowly; after Anglesey there was the Wales I came to love most, to belong to and adopt, Carmarthen, Cardigan, North Pembroke. Now, when I travel along the single-line track from Whitland to Cardigan town through the narrow valley of the Teifi, or race in a fast car down the Carmarthen road, past Cenarth Falls, the Coracle Café and through Llechryd (best honey in Wales) to Cardigan, the faces of the people reassure me, the chins and noses of the farmers nutcrack in the same way mine does, and I know I'm in Welsh-speaking Wales. It's the people's faces that are my signposts not the landscape changes, although if you've an eye for these things they give you a pretty fair indication as well.

Get on a train at Paddington and you're off—and after you've finally made up your mind that really was the Severn Tunnel you've gone through, when you've stumbled in Newport and regained your balance, you find you're in Cardiff. It's got a Castle and a Civic Centre not unlike the Washington of my imagination. But get down to the docks, find the Winsor pub and you'll have one of the finest French meals of your life. Outside the windows of the long dining room the sides of the merchant ships obscure the daylight and out of sheer exuberance the waitresses will dance the Can-Can for you if the mood is on them. There is a street of foreign restaurants—Chinese, Indian, and Greek—all within a stone's throw of The Prince of Wales Theatre, and in Park Place next to the B.B.C. a lot of potential Dylan Thomases are having a few pints at the Overseas Club.

But Cardiff's great day is when Wales is playing international rugby, preferably against England. The city is full of those from the valleys, neatly and nowadays well dressed with just the occasional blue scar to remind you of their craft. When the match is over and the night wears on and more and more beer has been put to its proper use, the singing starts, English words to Welsh tunes—that's the way it is in Glamorgan, English words, Welsh tunes . . . but in West Wales . . .

On a bright Monday morning in spring I walk down the High Street in Cardigan, down the hill past the Grosvenor, across the bridge (each successive generation of schoolchildren have been asked to write the essay, "How would you improve Cardigan town?" and always the same answer, "Widen the bridge!"). Above the bridge is the castle where one of the first Eisteddfods of Wales was held, real Eisteddfods in those days, professional full-time bards, bashing each other with verse, *englyn* to *englyn*, *cynghanedd* against *cynghanedd*, nobbling each other's harp strings, I shouldn't wonder. I cross the bridge and turn left into the cattle market to a scene that is being repeated all over Wales from Welshpool to Bridgend. Bullocks coming down the ramps from the lorries, pigs being pushed into pens, and everywhere the steady crackle of Welsh with the odd bit of Polish; the new Welsh are the Polish farmers of West Wales, their children gliding from Welsh to English to Polish without so much as a by-your-leave. The local farmers are talking to each other, using the market as a social gathering, caps, gaiters, sticks, and old men with dewdrops on the end of their noses, their sons in jeans and American Army jackets, are so dark you expect to hear a Sicilian dialect and others so white-blond they'd pass for Swedes. This is Wales as much as fishing in the narrow streams around Pont y Fynach, Devil's Bridge, or going out in a coracle below Cilgerran.

In thinking of all these sights and particularly the sounds of Wales, I realize that Wales is a great place for doing things together. I don't mean compulsory group activity, it's just that in Wales most of the things to enjoy are best enjoyed together, the talking (and this is a great thing) is good because of the appreciation of the listeners. If a man talks well in Wales, it's not falling on indifferent ears. He'll be encouraged with, "Well said, well said!" I've never heard an Englishman say, "That chap speaks English very well," unless, of course, he means a foreigner, but I've heard men and women all over Wales say, "He speaks clean, good, supple, pretty, ugly, awkward, nasty Welsh." Even my Great-Aunt Lena timed that "Now I'll send that home to your mother . . ." quite magnificently.



Is it true that English women make better wives?

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Interestingly enough, husbands on both sides of the Atlantic feel that what elevates their wives above the ordinary is a flair for the Graceful Gesture.

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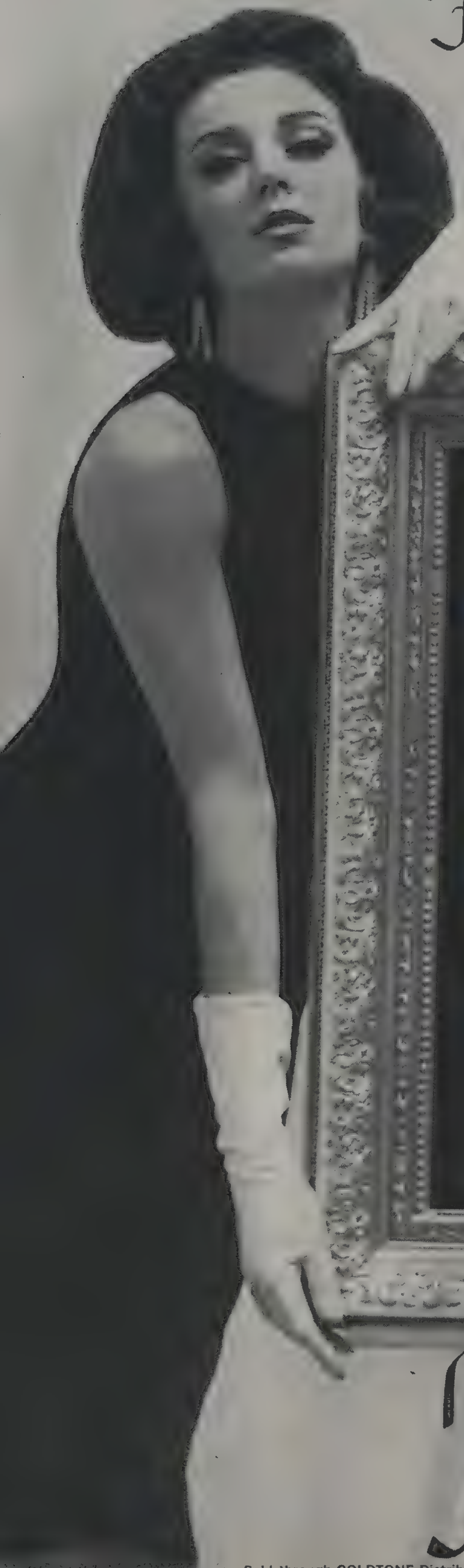
***4 Steps to a Glorious Martini:** (1) half fill mixing glass with ice; (2) add 4 or more parts of Gordon's Gin, 1 part Dry Vermouth; (3) stir well, strain into chilled glass; (4) optional: add olive or lemon peel twist.

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RICE WITHOUT TEARS

BY DOLORES VANETTI

There is a game that Europeans living in the United States often play. They look up the most complicated recipes in the most awesome European cookbooks they can find, pick a dish, make a list of the ingredients it requires, and drop into the nearest foodmart. The idea is to recreate the original recipe out of every conceivable time- and labour-saving shortcut available among American groceries. (Europeans go out of their minds in food stores.) Once the dish is made, it is served to friends for testing. The test is simple: if no one can tell the dish was made from cans or mixes, it wins.

Riz à l'Impératrice will do nicely as an example. Our fancy rice desserts are inherited from the nineteenth century when *embonpoint* was fashionable and rice was still a rare European delicacy—so rare that a special dish was named after an empress, either of the French or of all Russias, I don't know which; rice was so little known to the masses that the besieged Parisians of 1870 ate their cats, hunted rats, and slaughtered the animals of the zoo, while enormous quantities of rice were left untouched.

Empress rice and its variations make stunning desserts, but there are two things wrong with them: they take forever to prepare, and the ingredients required add up to a terrific amount of calories. Now, I do mine with leftover boiled rice and a package of lemon-flavoured Jell-O chiffon pie filling, as substitute for an elaborate custard. Lemon replaces the classic vanilla flavour in this recipe because lemon Jell-O contains no artificial flavour one can detect—but vanilla does and would not have passed the test. In lemon Jell-O, there's just enough gelatine in the mix to set the rice. As for the time and calories saved doing it this way, there is no comparison. Moreover it's delicious, and when shaped in a mould—a knockout.

U. S. EMPRESS RICE
Prepared in 5 minutes

3 cups boiled rice
1 pkg. lemon Jell-O chiffon pie filling

Prepare pie filling following instructions on package, but use only a quarter of a cup of sugar. Fold rice into prepared filling, then pour into custard cups, or ring, or solid mould. Rinse mould under cold water before filling to make unmoulding easy. A half a cup of heavy cream, whipped and sweetened with vanilla-flavoured sugar, may also be added. Chill until set. Serve as it is or fill centre of ring mould with peach or pear halves, fruit syrup or fruit jelly.

There are only a few things to remember in order to cook rice superbly. I am only talking about one type of rice: the American long grain—extra long or processed—the brand name is unimportant.

Keys to cooking rice

One eight-ounce measuring cup of rice will give between three and four cups of cooked rice.

One cup of raw rice cooks in two cups of water. Extra long grain rice may call for two and a quarter cups and the short grain for one and three quarter cups of water. But if these proportions are not indicated on the package, two cups of liquid are foolproof measurement.

To cook rice so that it is firm takes twelve minutes, well-done rice takes about twenty minutes. If softer rice is desired, more liquid should be added.

Three basic ways to cook rice

1. Boiling it in the Oriental manner.
2. Baking it as in rice pudding.
3. Coating with butter, oil, or fat before covering with liquid for *risottos* and pilafs. Coating the rice with fat eliminates the problem of the grains sticking together.

Note: When cooking rice use a large and shallow pan, preferably stainless steel, on a large flame surface—the rice will cook more rapidly and will become fluffier.

RISOTTO PIEDMONTESE
For lunch or a first course





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Serves three
Done in 20 minutes

1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 cup rice
2 cups chicken broth or 1 can chicken consommé with water added to make 2 cups
3 tablespoons grated Parmesan, Gruyère, or sharp Cheddar cheese
Salt and pepper to taste

Melt the butter in a skillet over a moderate fire and cook the onions until transparent; this takes about 5 minutes. Add the rice, stir with a fork until the butter is absorbed—a matter of seconds. Add one cup of consommé, bring to a boil, stir, add the second cup of consommé. Cover and finish cooking over a very low flame, 8 to 10 minutes. Taste to see if the rice is done. There should be no starchy kernel in the centre of the rice grain—if there is, cook a few more minutes. Season with fresh-ground pepper, toss in the cheese, and mix. Half-melted cheese looks like silk floss; *risotto* should be a pale blond colour. If the *risotto* is ready before serving time, keep the pan covered but removed from the flame. If the *risotto* needs rewarming, heat over low flame and add three tablespoons of water, but do not stir.

RISOTTO II

Coat rice as above, without onions, and cook in two cups of water with a half a teaspoon of salt. To serve, toss in the cheese and season with fresh-ground pepper. In Italy, shredded white truffles are used in season. This kind of rice replaces *fettuccini al burro* —noodles tossed with butter and cheese.

These patrician recipes use few items, not from a sense of economy: on the contrary, if anything it shows the meal isn't built around pasta.

RISOTTO WITH WHITE MEAT
30 minutes

1 to 2 cups diced chicken meat—leftovers from boiled chicken—or any cooked chicken, or veal stew
1 cup leftover sauce thinned in stock, if necessary, or a can of cream of chicken soup
1 cup rice cooked as *risotto*

Warm chicken meat in sauce or soup. Once the rice is done, pack it into a solid mould (run the mould under cold water first). Then scoop some rice out of the centre of the mould and fill the hollow with chicken meat. Let stand 5 minutes to set; unmould onto a silver dish and garnish with carrots, peas. Serve lobster Newburg the same way—it's pretty.

RISOTTO WITH DARK MEAT

Brown rice or pilaf should be used for this. Fry rice and chopped onion over low flame until brown, in one tablespoon of oil (butter would burn before the rice gets brown and would give a bitter taste). Cover with two cups of beef stock, consommé, or gravy seasoning mix with water (to colour), and cook as usual.

For the sauce

½ envelope mushroom soup mix
4 tablespoons tomato sauce
1 cup red wine
1 cup water or stock
1 pinch thyme
1 envelope vegetable seasoning
⅓ cup sherry
2 cups diced turkey or dark chicken meat

The sauce can be cooked without butter or fat. Prepare soup mix as for soup, but with wine, stock, and seasoning. Stir until clear of lumps, warm up diced meat in the sauce, add sherry just before removing from the flame. When rice is done, pack into wet ring mould, let it stand for five minutes, and unmould on serving dish. Pour meat stuffing within ring mould and top dish with chopped parsley.

SPANISH RICE SALAD
Serves six to eight

4 cups cooked rice, packaged as "Yellow Rice" and seasoned with saffron
1 cup tuna fish, drained of oil and flaked
½ cup olives, drained
1 red and 1 green pepper, cored and shredded
1 tablespoon capers
½ cup cooked diced *chorizo* (Spanish sausage) or breakfast sausage
Salt and pepper to taste

Toss the ingredients with two tablespoons of oil and one tablespoon of vinegar. Sprinkle with the juice of half a lemon just before serving. Shellfish may be used but tuna, in this case, does even better than shellfish.

PAELLA
Prepared in 20 minutes
Cooks in 1 hour

1 to 1½-pound frying chicken, cut up in small pieces by your butcher
3 tablespoons bacon fat or any other fat
1 onion, chopped
1 garlic clove
2 or 3 pimientos, cut in strips
5-ounce package yellow rice with saffron
3 cups water or stock
1 tomato or 2 tablespoons tomato sauce

(Continued on page 130)



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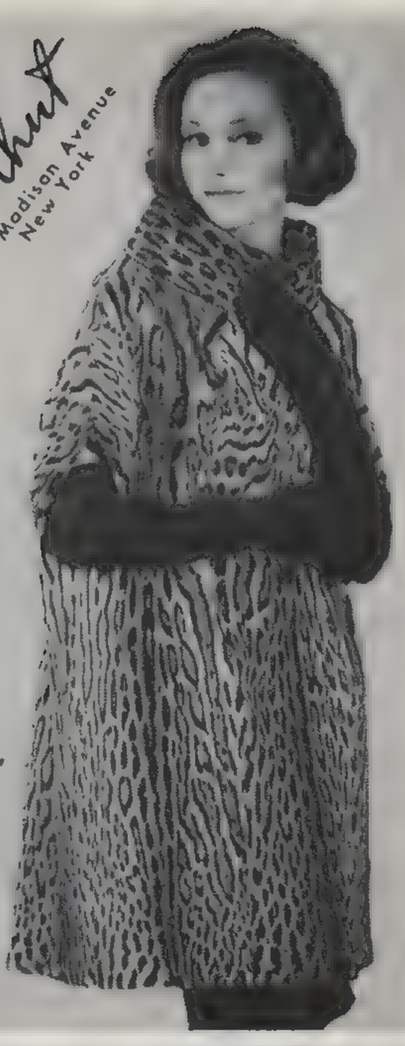
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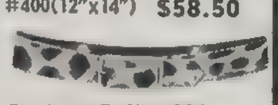
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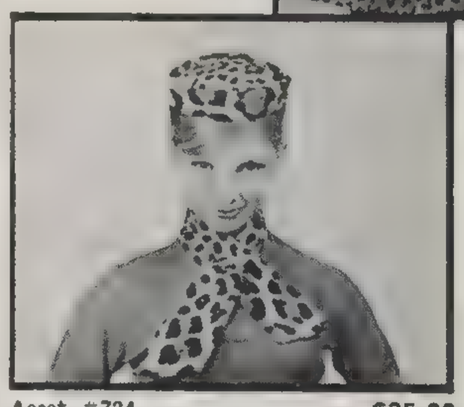
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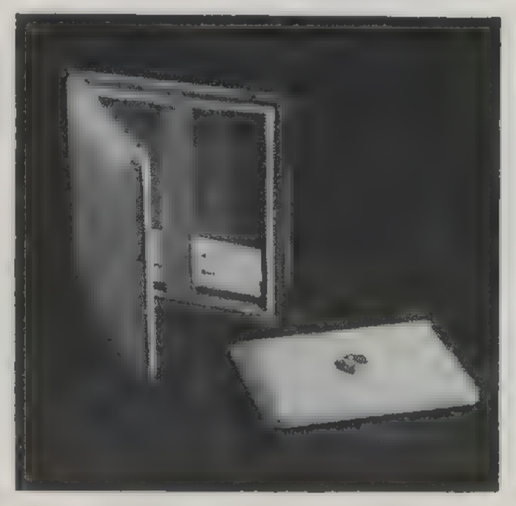
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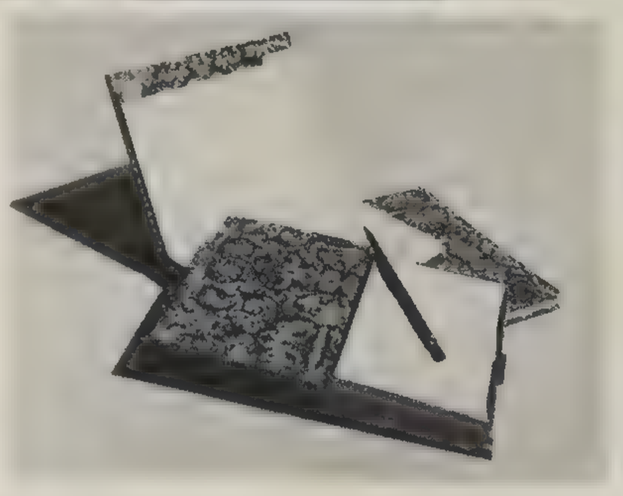




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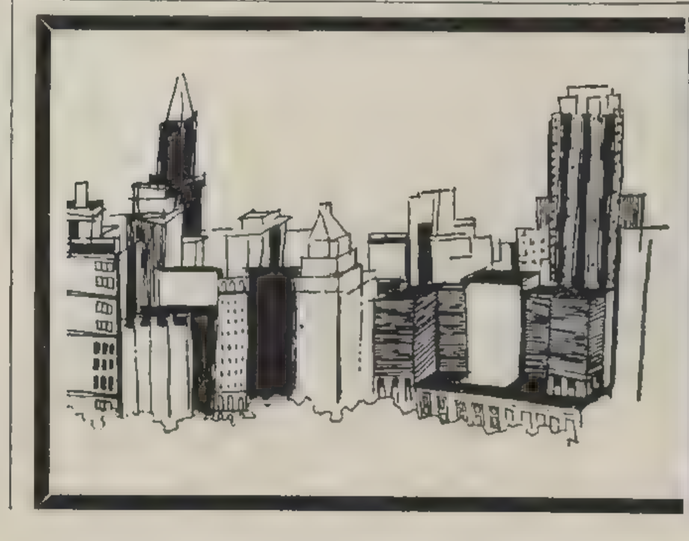
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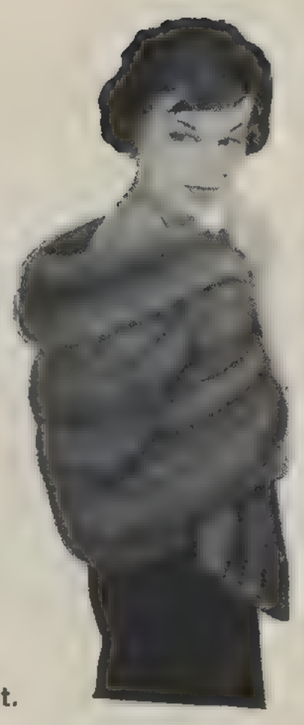
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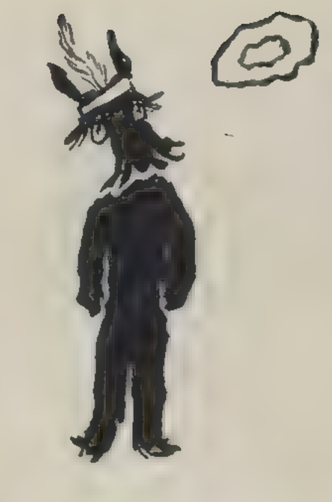
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JOHN STEWART

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RICE WITHOUT TEARS

(Continued from page 125)

1 pound can or 1 ten-ounce package
of frozen vegetables
Salt and pepper to taste

Once you have made *risotto* you automatically know how to cook pilafs and *paellas*. A large pot with a lid should be used. Fry the chicken pieces until they are light brown, turning them over as they fry, this takes about 8 minutes. Add the chopped onion, the garlic clove, and pimiento strips to the pot and cover with one cup of water, add salt and pepper. Cover and simmer 15 minutes. Add the yellow rice, the stock, and the tomato or the two tablespoons of tomato sauce. The vegetables used depend entirely on your taste; either frozen artichokes, limas, mixed vegetables, or a can of chick-peas. Place the vegetables on top of the rice, cover and finish cooking. Stir once as it cooks, bringing the food to the top.

Shellfish is not a must in *paellas*, nor the eel, cod, lobster, crawfish, frogs' legs, or snails that go into the dish in Spain. If you want to add shellfish, a small can of mussels or clams in broth can be added. To be festive, shrimps, raw or canned, are as decorative as clams and cleaner. Add broth and shellfish 5 minutes before serving. Finish cooking without cover, raising gas flame to reduce sauce, if necessary. The consistency of the dish should be like *risottos* and pilafs.

EXOTIC RICE DISHES

So much lyrical prose has been written about exotic rice dishes that one does not know where to begin. These are really rice stews. With the exception of the seasonings—saffron, sweet pepper, cardamom, or curry—they aren't *that* different from each other. Genoese rice is cousin to *paella*, Caribbean *arroz con pollo* is quite close to Suleiman's pilaf or to a Parsi curry. There are no set recipes for these dishes nor can there be. How could pilaf, the best nomad food, be based on a set recipe—or curry for that matter—what with droughts, monsoons, and floods. In these countries it isn't what goes in or doesn't that matters nearly as much as what cooks can find to fill the pot. (Only *haute cuisine* is lofty enough to establish rules and then stand by them.)

It is helpful, however, to remember these tips. No matter what kind of rice the recipe calls for, stick to the domestic rice you know and have cooked before. Patna, the Indian long grain rice, isn't that different from domestic rice, and the Patna is sold without cooking instructions.

Because pilafs and curries attract brave-hearted cooks, put as many chances on your side as possible: shop for the ingredients a week ahead of time; prepare the dish a day before the party so the casserole only needs to be rewarmed.

For pilafs, remember that a well-spiced tomato sauce with herbs, ginger, or cardamom holds the dish together better than expensive meats, nuts, or sunflower seeds. It is usually impossible, I know, to pry birdseed away from a pilaf chef, but use green pistachios—your guests can tell them apart from a lost filling.

Arroz con pollo is easy, and each ingredient omitted from the original recipe gains you a friend. Chicken parts don't have to be wrapped in taro leaves, fried with plantain (coarse green bananas) in oil and chili powder; nobody you know needs that many calories or ever gets that hungry. Just boil the bird as usual with one red pepper pod for colour, cook the rice in the broth, and serve it with sliced bananas, ground peanuts, and bottled sauces on the side.

For curries, turmeric is a cook's best friend. The turmeric not only flavours the stew but it strengthens weak curries. Should the sauce be too strong, don't panic, dice a raw potato into the pot—the potato will take the fire out of the sauce (the potato trick works for oversalted food, too). Omit the meat from curry recipes any time you please—using vegetables only makes the dish more authentic. (Without eggs, beef, or pork, curry can be served indifferently to Jains, Hindus, and Moslems.) Instead of churning coconut milk with shredded coconut, use cow's milk—it is better. Serve with condiments, sambals, or chutneys, or popadums (Indian bread pancakes), if you wish, but avoid using Bombay duck if you live in a one-room apartment. These smoked fish fillets, once warmed, taste like bacon, except that as they warm up the smell is so abominable it chases everybody out.

Be sure to serve plenty of iced tea, beer, ginger ale, Sangria, or other cool long drinks with exotic meals.

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A beauty-maker, unquestionably, and fresh from the hand of

Germaine Monteil

VOGUE
SEPTEMBER 15, 1962



PENN

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: IMMEDIATE CHOICE

You are looking—would you believe it—at the most exciting Paris coiffure news in years. More: you are looking at three ways to arrive at the focal point of this autumn's major Paris look. The head is the point—memorably hatted in the daytime or, for evening, coiffed with a fairly momentous superstructure of hair called a postiche. Three versions of that is what you're looking at here; they were designed by Alexandre for the Yves St. Laurent collection where, thickly coiled and high, on backswept, brushed-up hair, they were three of the show-stopping events in a day of show-stoppers. Now, if you're with it, there should be on some private mental list of your own a note as follows: "Paris choice: one of those terrific new watchamacallits." The word is postiche—it's one of the best fashion words you'll hear this season. In America: Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.



THE BLAZE IN FASHION:

The time is now, and the fashion blaze is on, burning out the last doldrums of mid-summer madness. You're missing it if you haven't tangled with the idea of gleaming ciré—anything from a ribbon of belt to a late-day jacket; the skirt of a big-evening dress. . . . Brilliant plaids, very big; hairy fabrics. . . . A city windbreaker, lizard, suède, or perhaps kit fox. . . . A new head of hair, massed and moulded high at the back—switches are the fastest way to have this. . . . Stacked strands of coral, oxblood to angelskin, the palest, rarest pink. . . . Boots, boots, boots. . . . A black moire top with a bold black and white checked suit. . . . Same sort of top in brown velvet for a black suit. . . . Black because all of a sudden again it's the Paris idea for day. . . . The white coat, not new but not about to lose its hold on fashion. . . . Gunmetal gloves with yellow. . . . Something ostrich-feathered, but watch this thrill; if it's not right, it's apt to be appalling. . . . Scrubbed faces with conspicuous eyes, a lipsticked mouth that's pale but insistent. . . . The after-six coat that looks like a day coat opens on a supple sliver-of-dazzle dress—say a beaded shift. . . . Jet, jet, jet—a dark mystery revealed on the next page. . . . Sweatery jetted tops worn with theatre tweeds. . . . A sou'wester or a turban. . . . Something happening at the back of the look you like at night—a dipped cowl neckline, straps X-ed over a bare back, a deep V, almost anything for a great exit line. . . . An evening coat to the ground. . . . A white coat spilling red fox lining, worn with a white wool dress. . . . Grey flannel with chocolate brown. . . . A garnet velvet suit-type suit with an overblouse paved in bogus garnets. . . . For day, a winter suit, its lining fur or quilting. . . . Capes, especially a cape lined with sealskin.

AN ELEGANT FORD FROM PARIS—the fisherman's shirt, left. Grey satin with all the temperament of a smock; shirt cuffs besides. Narrow charcoal velvet skirt. Late day, 1962, is the time slot. Costume by St. Laurent. Worn with his jet and crystal pin catching the slashed yoke; the storm of his brimmed velvet hat. In America at I. Magnin. Suède gloves by Eidelweiss. The pale but not pallid lipstick: Blasé Apricot by Revlon.

ARE YOU MISSING IT?

PENN

ST. LAURENT JET— WITH EVERYTHING

Jet was the jewel-key to the entire St. Laurent collection—jet with day clothes, evening clothes (e.g., a splash-of-jet pin smoothing down a raven's-wing headdress), jet in combination with other stones. or the look of jet-dark metal backings dimming bright stones to a deep, smouldery brilliance. Major keys here, starting with the coil of necklace at the top of the page—a cluster of gold and jet beads, it was tied, scarf-like, down the back of a long black wool sheath. (In the coil: button earrings deluged with a shower of rhinestone and jet.) ... Below these: a thick twist of caviar beads, picked out with amethysts and pitch-dark pearls.... The pendant, near right, ruby and jet stones suspended—and this was a St. Laurent signature—from a thin unjewelled chain.... Next, jagged stone earrings darkened by jet-metal backings.... To the right, the double glitter-linked jewelled crescent pin with which St. Laurent tabbed a zipper at the back of a long, bare black dinner dress.... Pendant heart, far right, anthracite glitter, darkly seductive. All imported by Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.









BLACK AND WHITE— THE COLOUR OF NEWS

No need to ask why all the excitement about black and white. Look left: at the slickest windbreaker in the world. Cobra. Black. Terrific. . . . Look ahead in these pages—to page 149 where snow leopard spills in black-and-white profusion from the inside of a black raincoat. . . . To page 143, where the most offhand of city reefers turns out to be white Persian lamb. . . . To page 144 where the gleam of a white satin riding stock and black glacé gloves make the simplest matte black wool one of the most memorable dress-looks you could own right now. Or, without turning a page, consider the prospect of black cloqué evening crêpe hemmed in white mink . . . a black satin slip masked by a shift of chiffon, rimmed with jet fringe . . . black mink glossing the edge of a matelassé overblouse—stark, black. Black cobra windbreaker, left, that's a signature for the new black-and-white era—this way: with a matte black wool skirt, white felt hat, smooth glacé gloves. Georges Kaplan jacket. Also at Joseph Magnin. Richelieu jewellery. Gloves by Superb. The hat, by Adolfo.

BERT STERN



Ilate-day choice, left, for the woman who prefers her coat-life calmly momentous. White Persian lamb, especially silky, roped off in fringe, wearing—not jewels, but as telling as—shiny black gloves, the closest white silk turban (this, by Adolfo). Coat, of bleached white Indian Persian lamb, by Maximilian. Also at Holt Renfrew of Canada. Almost the most knockabout coat you could own, the coat at right. Except: it's white Persian lamb—and a city dazzler. Of bleached white Southwest African Persian lamb. At Bergdorf Goodman.

BERT STERN



Not just a black wool sheath at left, but a riveting new way to wear black this year: a stock—preferred stock, this—of heavy white satin knotted at the throat; black glacé gloves against the matte blackness of the dress. By Adele Simpson; about $110. Bersoie scarf. Meyers Make kidskin gloves. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress also at Rich's; Sakowitz. Not just a black wool coat, right, but a seven-eighths coat with a skirt of its own, and an enviable figure shaped around a wide gloss of belt. Costume by Werlé. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harold's; John Doyle Bishop.

BERT STERN





What black for evening has, as of this season—a long sleek shape, some bareness, a surface that's (1) gleamingly glacé, or (2) softly matte. The gleam, far left—heavy black silk satin with canoe neck, wide black pigskin belt, licorice-stick snap that will pay off for years. By Galanos. Fuchs pigskin gloves. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: at Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Matteness, this page, of black chiffon and crêpe. The top, wrapped diagonally in chiffon that flows from one shoulder; a long crêpe skirt. Long black gloves of silk jersey. Dress by Dorothy O'Hara, of Enka rayon and acetate crêpe (Julius Werk fabric); about $85 at Arnold Constable; Hutzler's; Harzfeld's: I. Magnin. Schreiner earrings. Viola Weinberger gloves. Coiffures, both pages, massed high with switches, by Marc of Coiffures Americana.

BERT STERN



City flash—black raincoats, bursting (as the cereal people say) with this locked-in goodness: linings of gloriously splashy fur with an abundance of whiteness. For which, of course, rain needn't fall at all. Black cotton poplin balmacaan, left, filled with frosty white-layered kit fox. By Modelia; about $180. Marvella necklace. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat also at Dayton's; Frederick & Nelson. Raincoat with some dazzling days and late-days in its future—black nylon and wool with removable lining, and whoosh of hat, of snow leopard. Made to order at Reiss & Fabrizio. Hat by Adolfo.

BERT STERN





black-and-whites with more blaze here—big woolly windowpane plaid, white tweed with a spill-over lining of black nutria. The costume, left: black and white plaid wool with black top, scarf. White shaggy sailor. Both by Gustave Tassell; at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. White greatcoat of furrowed wool tweed, right, blaze for the black-dyed nutria lining, collar, cuffs. By Ben Reig; at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's.

BERT STERN





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The tests—A-bomb, H-bomb, and diplomatic—that make one long to retreat to Ralph Waldo Emerson's "true test": "Not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops—but the kind of man the country turns out."... The impious *New York Times* column, "Observer," in which Russell Baker shears wool off such subjects as television programming in the Telstar era: "One thinks of Lawrence E. Spivak interrogating David Susskind, but would the Italians really like it?"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The cheek, the knowing style of Jean Gabin faking florins and making with French like a French Runyon in the movie, *Money, Money, Money;* the top scene, Gabin and Françoise Rosay clicking off names of defunct colleagues over an apéritif in a tatty notions' shop.... The brilliant reading of Prokofiev's *Piano Concerto No. 3* by the American pianist Byron Janis, recorded during a performance at Moscow's Tchaikowsky Conservatory.... The exhibition, now at The Museum of Modern Art in New York, of some eighty superb photographs by Ernst Haas, most of them colour, including his latest work—dazzling, lucid studies of rocks and sand and water.... The new book, *Mother and Son: The Wartime Correspondence of Isoko and Ichiro Hatano,* a dialogue between a Japanese mother and her child, immensely touching in its concern with the ordinary; in 1945, when Ichiro complained that he had been sated, young, with model airplanes, his mother wrote: "Your remark about things having been given you too early is very true. The fact is that everything was becoming scarce and there was a danger that we would not be able to get anything. So I eagerly snapped up whatever I came across, thinking that it would be a dreadful pity if I let them go then and you needed them later. But what you say is quite right.... I shall try to be more careful."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... In London, the Royal Collections, on view for the first time in the new Queen's Gallery in Buckingham Palace, where each treasure is as well a biographical footnote (Queen Victoria bought Dürer's "Virgin and Child"; Queen Elizabeth buys from, among others, Topolski).... Elizabeth Hardwick's clean, astringent essays, some of them collected in the new *A View of My Own,* a book with which one finds oneself *agreeing* and *disagreeing,* activities good for the soul and not possible when reading the mindless good-will boys who discover, weekly, a new Great Book, another Humanitarian, another Crisis of Our Time.

JEANNE MOREAU, the French actress, is the latest of the movie non-heroines, the sadder-but-wiser girls whose sign is dissolute beauty, slow, sweet poison. The antithesis of Bardot, La Moreau, for all her drugging seductiveness, loves but usually loses. In *The Lovers,* she junks her life for passion; in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses,* she catches fire; in *Jules et Jim,* she drives off a bridge with her lover; in *La Notte,* she gravitates toward doom in one of the great sequences of the cinema: a slow, perverse walk through the streets of Milan, during which she perceives, restlessly, jets, boys wrestling, the muscular corners of skyscrapers. On the Champs-Élysées, queues form for her movies; the new ones in Paris this fall are *Eva* and *The Trial,* made by Orson Welles from the Kafka novel. Of Moreau, the young say *elle a du chien,* which means, more or less, she's got it.

JEANNE MOREAU

DAN BUDNICK

THREE DESIGNS FOR A FACE

The what-makes-beauty ideas of three strong-minded men who design clothes

Faces and clothes. Anyone who's a whiz at one should have some pretty spell-binding theories about the other. In that spirit, we probed three famed clothes-designers to learn how they see the Whole Woman—their feelings about make-up; ways they like to see it used. Each of the three warmed up to this face-subject with charming intensity, and right there, the unanimity ended. Their avenues of thought became magnificently, provocatively divergent, but whoever expected them to agree? They see faces as they see clothes—differently. The designers are Bill Blass, who makes beautiful and wearable clothes for Maurice Rentner; Arnold Scaasi, whose ideas veer toward the wildly devastating; Teal Traina, whose house is known for its wonderful looks of underplayed pow. Costumes by each, in white or black-and-white, are on the next three pages, complete with faces that are their fashion signatures—fascinating looks re-designed with matte make-up, glowing colour on the fingernails. Each designer, here, worked entirely with make-up and nail colour by Max Factor.

Bill Blass: A bright-blue-eyed man with adroit, informal reasonableness about women's looks—the favourite face of this designer is a natural-looking one with no exaggerations, no collectivist leanings that expect all women to follow one looks-format. Says it's time for women to be themselves. He encourages his models to suit their make-up to their own types of faces, rather than all strive for one effect—"my clients don't all look alike." Since clothes are simpler now and easier to live with, faces should be too—neither faces nor clothes should be constricting, complicated. The ideal compliment is not What a beautiful dress, nor What great make-up, but simply How well you look. The Whole Woman, then, should be a success as a Whole—not as a clever collection of bits and pieces. He favours a soft-shaded lipstick, brownstone or lavendered, provided it's becoming; also likes brownish eye shadow. Smoother and simpler hair pleases him. He feels that fashions are often set by the young now, which makes for more simplicity—and youthfulness. Of course, strong colours and walloping plaids require some up-stepping of this naturalness in make-up, or "she'll just fade out." But for black and white, he votes for even more naturalness; there is so much drama in these colours that a woman shouldn't try to upstage it with heavy make-up.

Arnold Scaasi: A young man who takes an imaginative view of women, he likes definite make-up, says there's no particular advantage to looking natural. For day, one softens dazzle, but for evening the effect should be flattery—foundation and powder should fade out imperfections; mouth, eyes, and cheeks should be defined. He believes very much in rouge, thinks women have been missing a good thing by not using it—"I'm tired of pale, gaunt faces; women are *prettier* with rouge." But he likes it offbeat, not necessarily keyed in too closely with lipstick. Away, he says, with "matching sets"; try orange rouge with a blue-red lipstick, or violet rouge with true-red lipstick. Striking is the idea—but it must be done cleverly. He likes eye lines, but lost enthusiasm for coloured shadows unless they're kept close to the lashes. Eyes shouldn't be "walled in" by boundary-lines; eye-liner should never encircle the whole eye, brows shouldn't be drawn too long. "Give the eyes some air—some place to expand." For evening he likes a pale face, really bright lipstick. (He also mused that lipstick shouldn't be indelible; if it didn't need some tending to once in a while, a woman would miss the chance to re-fix her face—which gives her a lift outside and in.) For black and white, he advocates even stronger make-up. More rouge. More and brighter lipstick. He approves heartily of wigs, false eyelashes, anything that "makes a woman look wonderful." Naturalness here, obviously, is for the birds.

Teal Traina: Lean, brisk, a man with a penetrating eye for the detail of clothes construction, he feels that make-up should have the same restrained elegance that his house has always put into clothes. A sleek look is his favourite one—hair should be kept short, close, uncurly—though this can be elaborated on for evening. If a woman has a good head she ought to emphasize it; if she needs help here, there are some deft, deceptive steps a hairdresser can take to make the most of what she has. Generally, he likes the look of very little make-up (though this look may be accomplished by using quite a lot). Day or night, he likes a pale face, with much more accent on eyes than mouth—"it gives a woman a little more mystery." Eyes should be well-defined but not owlish, not charcoaled. He believes in pale lipstick—pink especially, apricot for those who can wear it. At any time, but especially at night, drama is what he likes—but it must be very well edited drama. A woman should look as if she were born spectacular, or got there with very little effort. About fingernail polish, he prefers pinkish-beige shades that keep an over-all pale, muted effect. He thinks frosty polishes are fine for evening, but not for day. His make-up directions for the white evening dress (shown opposite) hold to the softness-line. White, he says, is best with muted make-up. When asked about black, however, he said almost instantly that he would have advised the same make-up if the dress were black.

White look from Teal Traina—pale face and mouth, eyes mysterious. One of the most dazzling evening looks now is white crêpe—an overblouse, straight-necked, sleeveless, softened by a long flowing skirt, floating long scarf. Another severity break-up: the glittery necklaces. Dress by Teal Traina; Bianchini silk crêpe; about $190. Pale, muted make-up: Pink Pastel lipstick, A Cappella Beige Jewelescent Nail Satin; by Max Factor. Everything at Altman's. Make-up and dress, also at Joseph Horne; Burdine's. Necklaces by Bergère. The coiffure by Robert Verdi.

HORST





**Black and white by Scaasi—
rouge and a
strong mouth**

Important black and white look for late day now—a suit of black wool ottoman with a short out-jutting jacket over a belled skirt. The white satin top (satin is polishing up some exciting looks now) is sleeveless. The hat, a velvet pot streaming ostrich. Suit by Scaasi, fabric by Hurel. Earrings by Richelieu. Make-up with extra strength for black and white: Golden Strawberry lipstick, highnoted by Coralatura Jewelescent Nail Satin; by Max Factor. Everything at Altman's. The suit and make-up, also at Wanamaker's, Phila.; Woodward & Lothrop.

HORST

Overblouse dress in dense black wool—the neck filled with a circlet of white bleached mink. More mink: the tall round hat. This, a wonderful look for late day in town, or earlier day with a silk scarf, a leather hat. Suit by Bill Blass, for Maurice Rentner, of Forstmann wool; loomed in America. Earrings by Richelieu. Make-up naturals with a lavender light, a matte finish: Lilac Pastel lipstick, Petal Pastel Nail Satin; by Max Factor. All: Altman's. Suit and make-up: Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hudson's.

Black and white by Bill Blass—
the gentlest make-up







Far left: Shadow plaid, cognac tones and grey, the wide leather belt in the same handsome cognac monotone. Jacket fitted and buttoned with dim gold coins; skirt wide. Unexpected flash, the bright white mousse bumper. Burned-brown kidskin gloves by Superb. Coffee beads by Bergère. Suit by Handmacher of worsted plaid, about $85. All at Bloomingdale's. Suit, also at Hudson's; Famous-Barr; Dayton's. Adolfo hat. Yardley's Hawaiian Pink lipstick.

American plaids and checks, with a twist of leather

Near left: Curved wool, checked white and black, a rounded, skilled suit shape, the waist circled in wide black leather. More leather in the blown-up black bulb by Adolfo. Black kidskin gloves by Aris. Suit by Herbert Sondheim, about $235. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit also: Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres. Photographed in William Zeckendorf's circular office designed by I. M. Pei.

"BETWEEN MEALS"

BY A. J.

Mens sana in corpore sano is a contradiction in terms, the fantasy of a Mr. Have-your-cake-and-eat-it. No sane man can afford to dispense with debilitating pleasures; no ascetic can be considered reliably sane. Hitler was the archetype of the abstemious man. When the other krauts saw him drink water in the Beer Hall they should have known he was not to be trusted.

I, once, at fifty-two, committed myself voluntarily to a slimming prison in Switzerland, but I was suffering from only temporary insanity. I soon repented, but I stayed in because I had paid two weeks' nonboard in advance, and I didn't want to forfeit the fee, which was rather more than four meals a day would have cost me at Pierre's on the Place Gaillon, each with a half-bottle of Corton-Charlemagne, another of La Mission Haut-Brion, and three healthful drinks of Calvados to follow.

It was like a mental hospital where, as a result of a mutiny, the inmates had taken over from the staff, and now addressed one another as "Doctor." All the kind, fat, sensible people like me, who longed for something decent to eat, were under restraining orders, while the *soi-disant* doctors, who were free to eat normally, chose to drink rose-hip tea and eat muck made of apple cores and wheat germ. The nurses and therapists ate in the same ironically denominated *Speise-sal*, and except that they had larger portions than we, appeared to slop in identical slop. (Once, as a special reward for fortitude, I got three peeled hazelnuts.)

The only sane man on the place, aside from us, was the masseur, a big Swiss named Sprüdli.

"And thou, eat thou this crap?" I asked him in my imperfect but idiomatic German.

"No," said Sprüdli, as he plucked my biceps like harp strings and let them snap. "I need my strength. I eat to home."

"And what has thou to home yesterday evening eaten?"

"*Blutwurst*," he said, "and *Leberwurst*."

I wished I hadn't asked, but masochism feeds on itself, especially when there is nothing else to eat. I had an appetite for self-inflicted pain that since then has helped me understand the submissiveness of prisoners in concentration camps.

"And what has thou to home yesterday evening drunk?"

"*Wein*," he said, "*und Bier*."

He wrenched one of my knees out of joint, then put it back in the socket with the gesture of a man making a massé shot at billiards.

Tears of hunger and pain filled my eyes.

Sprüdli was, after all, like the majority of Swiss, a German. Once he knew my hurt, he made a point of telling me at each visit his menu for the previous day.

"Good morning," he would say. "Calves' hocks have I yesterday at lunch to home eaten, with potato dumplings, and to dinner spring chicken with another time dumplings." Then he would laugh, even before I winced, because he was so sure I would.

When I had served my time in this ruinously expensive para-Buchenwald, I set out for Pontarlier, on the French side of the border, where I had friends I had not seen since the war. To get there I had to change trains at Bern. By the time I reached that city I felt awful. I had the flu, and when I got through the customs barrier on the station platform at Pontarlier I tottered into France and fell into my friends' four arms. I still weighed quite a lot. They bore me home in their Peugeot and put me to bed, where I shivered under eight or nine blankets. I knew I would recover when I heard, as through a deep fog, the voice of that good Doubsien doctor, who reeked congenially of kirsch and pipe tobacco.

"But the man has been starved!" he said. "His constitution has been mined! You must give him to eat—but do not commence brutally; he could not support it. A guinea hen or two the first day, and some brook trout."

"And wine?" asked my angelic hostess. "He can have wine? He adores it."

"He mustn't exaggerate," Hippocrates said. "No more than two litres a day, and nothing heavy—perhaps a Mercurey. If his pulse is low, a little *marc d'Arbois*. No *fondues* until tomorrow. Then we can begin feeding him up!"

I left Pontarlier, like Mother after her reducing tours long ago, pounds heavier than when I flew to Zurich to get weight off. This episode has remained unique in my life: it is the only time I yielded to the temptation to give myself pain. I found others harder to resist.

In 1926, though, when I was pretending to be a student in Paris, I still cherished the superstition about the benefits of exercise. I would meet other Americans every Wednesday afternoon at a Baptist gymnasium near the Closerie des Lilas, and after a few feeble gestures at sparring, would have a shower, unobtainable at my hotel.

Afterward, we would knock off a couple of vermouths cassis, and then my acquaintances would turn off west along the Boulevard Montparnasse to join the other Americans, while I would turn down Saint-Michel alone, firm in my resolve to live the life of the French. I did not, of course, but I lived with them and among them, and among other assorted foreigners of the Quarter.

I liked the sensation of immersion in a foreign element, as if floating in a summer sea, only my face out of water, and a pleasant buzzing in my ears. I was often alone, but seldom lonely; I enjoyed the newspapers and books that were my usual companions at table, the exchanges with waiters, barmen, booksellers, street vendors, the old voices of the old professors in the lectures I irregularly attended, the sounds of the conversations of others around me, and finally, the talk of the girls I ended some evenings by picking up. This isolation dispensed me from defending my whims.

I was free to attend the operetta theatres, like the Mogador and Gaîté-Lyrique, without fear of being called corny, or the Grand-Guignol without being reminded that it was *démodé*. One of the delights of Paris then was that several theatrical pasts coexisted with the present; one was not limited to a choice of contemporary or classic theatre. Besides Romains and Giraudoux at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, and Molière and Racine at the State Theatres, there

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were constantly on tap the operettists of the early Third Republic, the bedroom farces and the Guignol of before the 1914 War, the classic clowns of the Cirque Médrano. Each had its public, and only segments of the public overlapped. That of the operettists consisted of nostalgics and provincials, proper old couples and their grandchildren come to celebrate their name days. But seeing and hearing each of these theatrical modes for the first time and without preconception, I got the same lift out of *Les Cloches de Corneville*, let us say, as had Planquette's first audience in 1877, when it was as new as *No, No, Nanette* in 1927. The French circus burst on my vision as freshly as on that of Toulouse-Lautrec twenty-five years earlier. I was to recognize it later in the drawings that when I discovered the *cirque* I had not seen. The bedroom situations of the Théâtre du Palais-Royal struck me as of the utmost originality, and the surviving *chansonniers* in the manner of Aristide Bruant delighted me—I did not have the advantage of possessing friends *à la page* who could have told me they had gone out.

I remember the tender reverence with which I heard Xavier Privas, the *Roi des Chansonniers*, a beautiful old man with a white spade beard, intone, at the tiny Théâtre des Noctambules in the Quarter:

"*Pour qui sait aimer, les heures sont roses. . . .*"

Pour qui savait some other infinitive, the hours were some other colour. I forget what colours went with what particular hours, except for the *heure d'aimer*, but he ran through the spectrum: *penser, mourir, attendre, grises, blanches,* and perhaps *chartreuses.* I thought Privas had written the air as well as the lyrics, and it was not until long afterward that I learned it was the Brahms "Lullaby."

The Noctambules was a hall with a platform at one end and a bar at the other. It was in the Rue Champollion, an alley two blocks long bearing the name of the man who deciphered the Rosetta Stone. Champollion covertly paralleled the Boulevard Saint-Michel, sneaking like an assassin from the Rue des Facultés as far as the Rue Cujas, named for an illustrious jurist of the sixteenth century. The names of the streets of the Latin Quarter are designed to facilitate the acquisition of culture, like the noodles in alphabet soup. Gypsy's Bar stood at Cuja's end of Champollion, and midway in the alley there was the Hôtel Champollion, where the *séjours,* like an analyst's sessions, lasted fifty minutes, which permitted the couples to leave before they had to pay for another hour.

Besides Privas, the apostle of the noble and pathetic, I heard at the Noctambules an old rascal named Georges Polin, who did a number in an ill-fitting French uniform of the red-pants era before 1914—the sort that must have looked so odd on the fastidious conscript Proust. Polin's material was drawn from Courteline, bespattered with latrine humour. His stage character was the clodhopping conscript, slyly stupid, lecherous, and confident, even after he had been had, that he had had the other fellow. It was clear that it was old, older than the red pantaloons of the costume. It had become so familiar to the great public that he could find no bookings in larger theatres, but like a *cassoulet* long on the stove, it was better than ever. Here, before the students who had never seen him in his glory, he was irresistible, like those potpourris of cuttings from silent film comedies that convulse present audiences. So I enjoyed not only what amused my Paris, but what had amused several earlier ones.

This living retrospective of the theatre is something New York has never provided, except for films. The New York theatre has always rejected the past, although with the slimmest imaginable justification, to judge from its output season by season. Paris was then a city of constant artistic innovation—of which I was unconscious, and if I hadn't been, would have been distrustful. But there was a past *concurrent* with the present. This is more nourishing than revivals, which tend to be arch and patronizing. Polin's bulbous red *trogne* with the pendulous upper lip and Privas' pretentious profile belong to the nineties, but I remember them as well as Maurice Chevalier and his wife of my era, Yvonne Vallée, framed in the spotlight of prime success at the Casino de Paris, singing "Leendy, Leendy, sweet as the shoogar can," and "Valentine." "Valentine," incidentally, is the ten-thousandth version of *La Belle Heaulmière. "Elle avait, et cetera." Mais comment sont-ils maintenant, les etceteras de* 1926?

Had I had a companion in my wanderings, his reactions would have differed from mine and perhaps spoiled them. Even the matter of how much discomfort a man is prepared to undergo for an experience depends on how much it is worth to him. The best of friends can seldom agree on the price. (This is true also of a price in money.) Excursions are likely to become compromises, gratifying the full taste of neither. The man who pokes around alone may take a wrong turning at the junction of two streets and return from his ramble disappointed, but never recriminative. He has nobody to blame for his mistake. This is also a superiority of boxing over, say, bridge or football. There is no colleague to throw off on.

Granted that in later life a man will have to learn to get along with other people—I learn with horror that the knack is now taught in high school as a "social study"—that is all the more reason there should be a period in his life when he has to get along with nobody but himself. It will be a sweetness to remember.

I was not entirely a free particle in Paris, however, without touch with a French heart or *droit d'entrée* to a hearth. There was a family where I had the quality of an almost-relative. Monsieur and Madame, with their children, Suzette, seventeen, and Jean-Paul, fifteen, inhabited a vast apartment on the Avenue de la Motte Picquet, near the Champ de Mars.

I had known them since my childhood, because they had lived near us on Long Island in what was then a fairly far-out but is now a very near-in suburb of New York. Monsieur had been sent to America before the 1914 War as sales manager for a great French silk mill. He had returned to fight, leaving Madame in what she considered straitened circumstances, and she had then given French lessons to the local ladies. My mother had been her star pupil. Suzette had gone to school with my sister. After the war Monsieur had returned, half-ill from the effects of gas. We had *(Continued on page 216)*

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PENN

"HOW TO BE S. HUROK"

To be S. Hurok is a trick that sometimes even S. Hurok has not mastered. Most of the time, however, he is the supreme performer of this extraordinary rôle that might have been written by Alexandre Dumas to be acted in French and Russian. Hurok has added the English translation and a charming one, too. Although there are a few men in this country who juggle in the culture field, none has the dash, the confidence to book on long tours so diversified a cultural menagerie as pianists, violinists, the Edinburgh Tattoo, the Bolshoi Ballet and the Royal Ballet, the Old Vic and the Comédie Française; to keep the publicity bubbling, the mail orders coming in; to soothe the stars, meet the planes, give opening-night parties, kiss the hands of the ladies, and to make money.

To be S. Hurok one ought to look as impressive as S. Hurok, who dominates his oval size as would an Amazonian wife a mild husband. On winter nights his seventy-four-year-old round pink face, partly hidden by heavy black-rimmed glasses, shows above this superb costume: a Persian lamb-collared overcoat, long and European, a soft black fedora pulled down over his sparse white hair, a silver-headed cane held at an angle as though Otis Skinner, acting as an adventurer, were holding it. No young actor now has the panache for this part. Not since Sergei Diaghilev brought his Ballet Russe to Paris in 1913 has an impresario looked so much like an impresario as S. Hurok looks—nor for so long. Ever since 1921, when he took Anna Pavlova, one of the greatest prima ballerinas ever, on her tours, Hurok has been The Impresario. Now almost the whole dance world calls him boss—and so at times do many others, including Artur Rubinstein, Isaac Stern, Lorin Maazel, Maya Plisetskaya, Margot Fonteyn, Uday Shankar, Roberta Peters, Nathan Milstein, Andrés Segovia, Victoria de los Angeles, Jerome Hines, Byron Janis, Jean-Louis Barrault, Emlyn Williams, the bandsmen of the Black Watch and the Grenadier Guards.

To understand the power and the influence of S. Hurok one must realize that at bottom this short, but outsize man is a gambler intent on culture, knowing and loving the whole serious world of entertainment, but one who sometimes takes years for his curious speculations to pay off. When, about thirty years ago, he brought the first Ballet Russe to New York on December 21, 1933, he induced Otto H. Kahn to give an opening-night champagne party, and managed shortly to lose $88,000 on the troupe. Many troupes have come between. Now, he will bring the Bolshoi Ballet to the Metropolitan Opera House on September 6 with not only a sold-out three weeks there, but with the whole thirteen weeks in the country sold out—and this for its second tour in two years. Like England's Royal Ballet, the Bolshoi will take in some two million dollars to cover an expense of some one and a half millions. The important difference in these figures lies not in finances but in S. Hurok's effect on this country. For the country now spends about five million dollars a year to see performances by the New York City Ballet, the San Francisco Ballet, by other companies not managed by Hurok. It sends its children to some five thousand or more classical ballet schools. The change between 1933 and 1962 is mainly S. Hurok.

There is a change in S. Hurok, too—and not just age. In 1906, he left Pogar, a village in the Ukraine where his father had a hardware store, to learn more about the hardware business in the nearby city of Kharkov. On the way there, he detoured to New York, arriving here with just about enough money to get him into the country after a long steerage voyage, plus enough to take him to Philadelphia. At eighteen *(Continued on page 166)*

BY ALLENE TALMEY



PLISETSKAYA,

THE GREATEST LIVING PRIMA BALLERINA

Showy, dramatic, magnificent, with a power that reaches to the rear rows, Maya Plisetskaya, *the* star of the Bolshoi Ballet, is in this country for the next three months, brought here with a Russian company of one hundred and thirty-five dancers by Sol Hurok. Of all the new and younger ballerinas, Plisetskaya is the only one to be considered in the unconscious competition with earlier stars—Margot Fonteyn, Galina Ulanova, and even Anna Pavlova. Not even those stars had the extraordinary length of Plisetskaya when she lifts her arms, stretches her leg, pulls her long neck in the kind of marvellous position she exhibits in this photograph where she has risen high above the corps de ballet in a Swan Lake leap. More than her technique, more than her directed fight for supremacy, her excitement lies in the strength of her stage projection. No spectator anywhere in the audience—down front or top balcony—at the Bolshoi's own theatre in Moscow, at London's Covent Garden, or New York's Metropolitan Opera House has ever forgotten the fervour of a Plisetskaya performance.

HUROK continued he put on a pack filled with needles and notions to sell at back doors. Later, by a few months, he put down the pack and sold bed springs from a shop. He has been selling ever since, but these days when he returns to Russia this American capitalist lives in the suite used by Lenin in a Moscow hotel.

In the early days he left Philadelphia for New York to organize musical programs for labour clubs in Queens and Brooklyn. That enterprise led him directly to his first famous musical outburst. He took over Charles Dillingham's enormous Hippodrome Theatre only on Sunday nights for concerts starring Mischa Elman, Efrem Zimbalist, Alma Gluck, Eugène Ysaye. Every Sunday he sold out, the tickets ranging from fifty cents to $2.50 for 5,980 seats, one thousand on the stage, plus four hundred standees. It was 1910 and he was twenty-two.

A few years later came one of his few non-entertainment investments. To him it is better to lose money on dancers than on products. After his joust with an embroidery factory in West Hoboken, New Jersey, he went back to music, his only consolation. In his young enthusiasm he hit on a formula for himself that has never failed him. "If you love what you do," he said, "you will have no trouble with your stomach, no ulcers, no headaches that need pills. Money, perhaps." He chose the long road, knowing early that it would not be easy. In fact, ease still makes him feel nervous. He likes the complications of involved transactions with the Soviet Culture people, with our own State Department, with theatre owners. He even likes the first disappointments over the public's reluctance to accept the domination of his artistic will. Then he bends the public will like a New England cruller.

For successful cruller-bending, he always needs an extraordinary performer—a dancer, a musician, an actor. He needs someone who can set afire a middle-aged cynic in the thirtieth row, a sourpuss dragged in protesting. Such performers do not come often in a generation. Of all those that he managed, the apple of his heart is still Anna Pavlova, ballerina. "An-na Pav-lova was the greatest personality I ever knew," he announced in his deep voice with its still foreign emphasis. "She had fire. She was a great actress. A Great Dancer. An-na Pav-lova gathered in the whole audience into a magic circle." Even these days, S. Hurok keeps in the top drawer of his desk in his old and comfortable office at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street a file of her photographs. On one wall hangs a frame of some twenty photographs of her, balancing a frame with an equal number of photographs of the basso profundo, Feodor Chaliapin. On another long wall hang some sixty photographs, a mixed batch of some of his other stars. In a corner stands a new chartreuse refrigerator and the photographs of his family, his wife, his daughter, his grandchildren.

When he reminisces, he always starts off with An-na Pav-lova, whose name is never shortened, and then unwinds a long rope of the names of Russian dancers plaided with the names of great Russian composers, great Russian soloists, with a long fringe of Spanish, French, Italian, and American names. Hurok feels deeply their link to each other and to him. He understands the passion, the suffering that mortises these creators. Now it is part of his unconscious power, a spine of idealism that keeps him upright in this curious, backbiting, temperamental, financially unnerving, personal service business.

So personal is this business in Hurok's unique, strong hands that when one of his dance troupes—the Bolshoi, the Moiseyev, the Ukrainian Dancers—is at the Metropolitan Opera House, S. Hurok leaves his seat each evening just before the dancers applaud the audience, to stand like a short idol hunched into a corridor doorway, watching people leave, listening, listening. . . . It is an old habit. On a good night, this travelling man, who watches his diet when in New York at Henri Soulé's Pavillon, somehow looks a little fatter.

But he was thin in 1928 when a friend introduced him *(Continued on page 217)*

LORIN MAAZEL

Intense, concentrated, *the* conductor of this winter undoubtedly will be Lorin Maazel, brought here under the managerial pound of S. Hurok. For the last few years he has led most of the major European orchestras, will do thirty-five performances in the United States where he will go on tour for Hurok with the French National Orchestra, play *Don Giovanni* and *Der Rosenkavalier* fifteen times for the Metropolitan Opera, and do eight New York Philharmonic concerts at Lincoln Center. A thirty-two-year-old American, born in Paris, Maazel is an adult prodigy who conducts without a score, has perfect pitch, and plays every instrument in the orchestra. (When at home with his wife in Rome, he plays the bongo drums, seriously.) Far behind him lies the tousle-headed career when he walked to the podium at eleven, led by Arturo Toscanini, to conduct middle-aged orchestras. With time out for childhood, he took up appearances again some fifteen years ago, has led himself straight to the top, *scherzo.*





CHANEL THE STEADY BLAZE

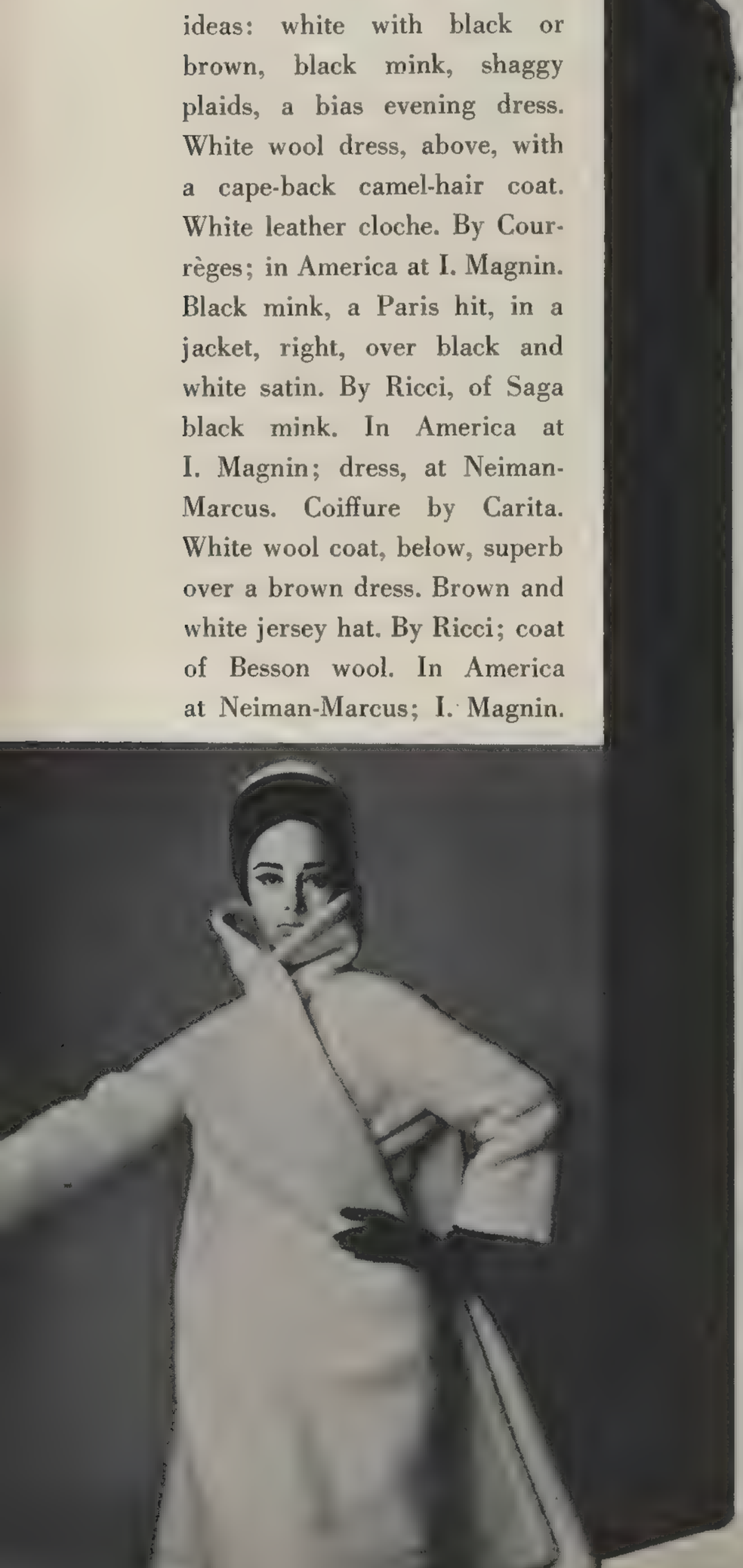
Lovers of Chanelism are hereby apprised: this year's Chanel suit has, besides traditionally wonderful lines, edgings of cashmere where once was braid. This year's Chanel coat is pale tweed, fur-lined, worn over an almost-as-pale wool dress. *Above:* The pure Chanel suit, straight, cardigan, in big checks of brown, black, off-white. This year's model is bound around the edges and four pockets in cocoa-coloured cashmere. The same cashmere makes a scarf, a pullover. Pearls fill in the front, can be tucked sidelong into an inside pocket. Original imported by Frederick & Nelson, also by Seymour Fox. Copies: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffure: Carita. *Right:* Coat of oatmeal-coloured wool tweed in a narrow funnel-shape; the lining of nutria reaches near the edge around collar and front, leaving a Chanelish tweed margin. The dress, darker beige, side-closed with gilt buttons, bloused at the waist.



PARIS—one woman's notebook



For a woman who sees Paris as big evenings, and day looks based on coats—some exciting ideas: white with black or brown, black mink, shaggy plaids, a bias evening dress. White wool dress, above, with a cape-back camel-hair coat. White leather cloche. By Courrèges; in America at I. Magnin. Black mink, a Paris hit, in a jacket, right, over black and white satin. By Ricci, of Saga black mink. In America at I. Magnin; dress, at Neiman-Marcus. Coiffure by Carita. White wool coat, below, superb over a brown dress. Brown and white jersey hat. By Ricci; coat of Besson wool. In America at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.







Shaggy plaid coat, above; short, wrapped. In shades of red and black, no buttons, no collar. Showing under it, a quarter of straight black dress. Clipped stocking cap of black suède. By St. Laurent; coat, Lesur wool. In America: I. Magnin. One of the prettiest evening dresses in Paris—red crêpe, at right, beautifully proportioned with close neck and sleeves, a subtle sweep of bias skirt. This, by Griffe; of Staron silk crêpe. In America at I. Magnin. A longer shaggy plaid coat, below, with a close carved shape, deep pointed collar. This, of big red and green plaid, with four bright red leather buttons. By Dessès; of Lesur wool.

PENN





The coat that's nine-tenths news— plus the big roller



Some of the very newest coat looks are nine-tenths coat, one-tenth the hem-depth of dress worn with it. *Left:* A wool suède coat in a bright shade of shrimp, with a curly grey Astrakhan lamb collar. Side panels widen the coat towards the hem. What shows sub-hem: a grey wool flannel dress—slim skirt, longish put-over top. By Ben Zuckerman. Grey kidskin gloves by Superb. Both at Lord & Taylor. Costume, also at Dayton's; Neusteters; I. Magnin. Grey roller: Lilly Daché. *Right:* Fox on an inside job, here—kit fox lining a grey wool flannel coat that's straight-edged as a cardigan (the better to be worn ajar). The grey flannel dress inside is in two parts: a jacket with a wrapped front, belted—with black kidskin—over a crushy skirt. By Christian Dior-New York, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel. Worn with the same rolling hat.

PALUMBO



When fashion happens to clothes, the prop list reads like this:

A glacé pink lizard handbag with a white pouffed wool dress . . . creamed coffee suède gloves and—important—black mink windbreaker . . . chains of jet on a charcoal tweed suit. The accessory fact behind each of these excitements: glint thrives on matte; matte on glint, a fashion that comes on stronger than Casey and Kildare this season. The way it works is pat, polished, and immaculate. No indefiniteness. With black clothes, distinct tones and balances. This way: black wool redingote with a white scarf and a handbag of white lizard or black glacé leather . . . black day dress with cashew-coloured alligator handbag and cashew stockings . . . long black wool evening sheath with high collar of pearls or jet . . . black suit with brown suède gloves, brown mousse roller, wine-red beads . . . under black clothes: lingerie as brilliant as a Chinese dragon, unmatched green brassière and scarlet half-slip.

Evening looks liven when a marigold lace or crêpe dress is flashed with a ruby-clasped brown moire envelope handbag and pale coffee-coloured gloves . . . silver moire dress or pewter beaded suit, with taupe suède envelope and pale-blue gloves . . . white untweedy wool late-day dress with violet satin gloves . . . a white mink evening coat sashed in fringed pink taffeta.

For day looks: brush tartans and suède clothes, all mattes, of course, with patina-ed handbags, varnished brown or black, lined with pungent red or orange leather. Bamboo handles, glinting chains and braided metallic handles on many handbags, concise but not cramped shapes. Long-leashed fur handbags around the waist of country kilts—on walks and climbs . . . leather dog leashes, too, in extraordinary colours.

The inexact accessory, the predictable colour contrast, the sentimental jewel swamp this year's looks. No nostalgic tangle of pearls now, but precisely layered strands, clasps exposed at the back by low-dipped necklines, the pearls sometimes obscured in front, slipped into the bodice . . . tremendous pins, stony, metallic, smooth, fringed, or dangled, worn far to the left shoulder, almost epaulettes . . . pounds of caviar-size beads . . . brown pearls and grey diamonds . . . earrings that are worthy opposites, perhaps one white and one gold pearl, but of the same design; or one emerald cabochon, one ruby; or in the Zuleika Dobson vein of seduction, one pink, one black pearl . . . jewelled and brocade boots for evening.

Evening bags this season: tortoise, silver, gold minaudières . . . gold kidskin envelopes set and fitted with their own kidskin cases for cigarettes, comb, powder . . . miniature chained and gem-clipped lizard handbags . . . moire and matte satin envelopes. Whatever the enlivening accessory may be, behind it is the strength of the way it's worn this season—clean, spaced, polished.

For a suit or dress that's all black these props are news.
The leather colours are black, pale brown, orange-brown,
and pale blue. Jewellery, gold and silver (sometimes
worn together) with, mostly, topaz- or amber-coloured stones.
All the jewellery, these three pages: wide-open fake.
Front row: Necklaces, four—all of textured beads.
Three are single strands of silver; the fourth, five strands
of gold. All by Monet: silver, each about $10*;
gold, about $40*. At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. Bracelet of
fine gold chain and tiny silver beads, by Miriam Haskell,
about $18*, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's.
Second row: Camel-coloured suède handbag by Nettie Rosenstein,
about $100*, at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.
Gold globe earrings by Napier, $9, Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.
Twelve-button gloves of pale-blue kidskin,
by Kislav, about $25, at Best & Co.; Hutzler's; I. Magnin.
Minaudière of imitation tortoiseshell, by Eugenie Buchner,
about $40*, at Bergdorf Goodman; Blum's, Chicago.



Pale topaz and coral pin by Coro, about $8*, at Gimbels;
Filene's. Orangy-brown lizard handbag, about $138*,
at Jacomo. Oval pin of pearl nacre circled with amber
cabochon stones, by Cis, from Eugenie Buchner,
about $42*, at Bergdorf Goodman; Blum's, Chicago.
Back row: Long grey-beige alligator handbag by Lucille;
to wear forever, $255* at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.
Gold, marcasite, and pearl fob-pin with rhinestones, by Schreiner,
about $30*, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel.
Black crocodile shopping-size bag with bamboo handles,
printed leather lining; $335* at Jacomo. Expensive, enduring.
Tobacco-brown eight-button kidskin gloves by Meyers Make,
about $14, at Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop.
Topaz earrings set in silver, by Sandor Goldberger,
about $6*, Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

GENE LAURENTS

When black and white go together, what goes
with them is red. Glistening red leather,
glittering ruby jewellery light up black and white;
at night, further lighting by gold or silver.
The jewellery (all fake), beginning in the foreground:
Ruby crystal dog collar set in black, by Trigère,
about $90*, at Henri Bendel.
Two red crystal flower-shaped pins—one with a
gold stem; by Trifari, about $15*, at Saks Fifth Avenue;
Hutzler's; the other has a cluster of rhinestones
in the centre, by Accessocraft, about $10*,
at Best & Co.; Julius Garfinckel. Crystal and
gold earrings, one ruby, one green (to be worn together),
by Accessocraft. About $3*, at Best & Co.; Julius Garfinckel.



Pearl necklace, 22" long, by Richelieu,
about $17*, at Altman's; Richl's.
Handbags: two square evening bags of woven aluminum,
one gold, one gold and silver, by Koret; about $26* each,
at Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.
Red satin evening bag by Ingber, about
$9*; at Altman's; Joseph Magnin. The two
red leather handbags in the background: calfskin
with a bamboo handle, about $55*, at Gucci;
slender lizard bag, about $130*, at Lederer. *PLUS TAX

This year's white takes a sharp turn for the brighter when the picture is completed with shrimp pink, pale or bright green; gold and pearls, rhinestones—all below. The handbags, counterclockwise, starting at left: Rough-textured green snakeskin by Deitsch, about $36*, at Lord & Taylor; Harzfeld's. Gold-coloured matelassé quilted Chanel evening bag, by MM, about $26*, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel. Shrimp-pink suéded snakeskin envelope with a jade-coloured clasp, by Deitsch, about $26*, at Lord & Taylor; Harzfeld's. Long-handled green alligator handbag, about $150* at Lederer. Jewellery: In the foreground, green crystal, pearl, and rhinestone cuff bracelet by Vendôme; about $15*, at Macy's; Burdine's. Two gold and rhinestone bracelets



(a third appears over the top of the shrimp suéde bag), by Kramer, about $6* each, at Altman's; Joseph Magnin. Big fob-pin of jade quartz, pearl, and crystal, by Schreiner, about $36* at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Over the green snakeskin handbag: an eighteen-strand necklace of tiny baroque green and yellow topaz beads, by Dalsheim, about $8*, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop. The necklace in front of the quilted bag, gold mesh filled in with pearls (three strands) by Laguna, about $55*, at Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's.





More of the makings, here, for the next season's day and evening looks. Starting with the handbags, left to right across both pages, first: a square black suède envelope with black-fringed flap, braided gilt handle. By Roger Model; $50* at Bonwit Teller. Second, black calfskin handbag with black braided leather handle. By Koret; $33* at Bergdorf Goodman. Draped over this, a wide rhinestone cuff bracelet; by Eisenberg; $40* at Henri Bendel. Third, news for late day—the little black alligator handbag. By Walter Katten; $150* at Bonwit Teller. Fourth, black satin fringed all over, with twist handles. By Roger Model; $80* at Bonwit Teller. Fifth, a black calfskin handbag necklaced with twisted gilt chain handle. By Roger Model; $60* at Bonwit Teller. Sixth, brown leather with rounded edges, gunmetal clasp, wooden handle. At Gucci; $115*. Seventh, a square brown calfskin bag; at Gucci; $65*. Dangling from this, long, topaz-brown stone earrings. By Schreiner; $13* at Bonwit Teller. Necklace reclining on this and the next handbags—six strands of beige and amber-coloured beads. By Capri; $2* at Arnold Constable. Eighth, a small beige lizard square with gold-filled frame, turquoise stones. At Jacomo; $185*. Ninth (and last), a dark-brown Morocco goatskin satchel with double gilt bracelet handles. At Betrix; $125*. Pinned to one handle, an oval fake topaz pin by Accessocraft: $3* at Bloomingdale's.

Under the handbags, the row of jewellery; first, dimensional earrings of facetted jet; by Roger Jean Pierre; at Bonwit Teller. Second, three strands of dark-grey baroque fake pearls; by Marvella; $15* at Bonwit Teller. Parked on this, a long, flexible rhinestone clip-pin; by Roger Jean Pierre; at Bonwit Teller. Third, a fringed pin of jet beads and rhinestones; by Eisenberg; $18* at Henri Bendel. Fourth, a big lacy collar of jet beads and rhinestones; by Hattie Carnegie; $150* at Bonwit Teller. Fronting this, a smoky rhinestone pin with large fake pearl drop; by Albert Weiss; $13* at Altman's. Fifth, a wide cuff of grey smoky crystals; by Hattie Carnegie; $20* at Bonwit Teller. Sixth, a five-strand necklace of dark-grey baroque fake pearls; by Marvella; $30* at Bonwit Teller. Seventh, above the gloves, a wide cuff of fake pearl and amber; by Vendôme; $13* at Altman's. Eighth, gloves of dark-brown doeskin-finished lambskin; by Polava; $19 at Bonwit Teller. Ninth, a two-strand choker of topaz-coloured stones; by Castlecliff; $25* at Bonwit Teller. Tenth, a five-strand necklace of taupe non-pearls; by Marvella; $13* at Bonwit Teller. Eleventh, a necklace of brown-shaded stones set in gunmetal; $78*. Matching earrings (shown on the gloves), $25*. Matching dome pin; $25*. All by Christian Dior-Grossé; at Bonwit Teller. The late-day umbrellas with beaded handles: black with jet beads, brown with bronze. Both by Polan Katz; $25 each; at Macy's. *PLUS TAX

GENE LAURENTS





WHY I LOVE HONG KONG

BY EMILY HAHN

HORST

"We've just been on one of those tours to the Far East," said a man at a party, "and we had a few days in Hong Kong. I was thinking about you while we were there; I wish you'd been along. You could have told me what to buy."

I blinked at him. Probably I made some reply; I don't remember. What to buy? Was that all it meant to him, my city?

Certainly it was not love at first sight. I couldn't deny Hong Kong's beauty—the Peak that soars up and slopes down at the sides by way of lesser hills to the sea, the mountains that march across the other edge of the New Territories, smaller islands floating in blue air and blue water, night with lights all over the hillside, soft warm wind, and a white moon bleaching everything. No, I couldn't deny it, but I resented it. I was faithful to Shanghai, that ugly bucketing, brawling city, and like other lovers I looked with suspicion at every threat to my beloved's eminence. In any case I was determined to dislike the Crown Colony on principle because it represented British Imperialism. Life was simple for Americans in the late nineteen-thirties: we knew what to believe.

And then too, Hong Kong was, indubitably, dull. In dear, flat, crowded, dirty Shanghai we lived riotously. The night before sailing away for this visit, for example, I had dined with Chinese and foreigners on Lucullan food and moved on—without the Chinese, who preferred an evening of quiet gambling—to a Den of Vice, where we danced and watched, at intervals, Russian ladies of easy virtue who capered in sequins. There was also a pretty terrible cabaret act from Hawaii or Tokyo. We'd stayed out all night and had breakfast at a dump, in company with some sailors who behaved like—well, like sailors ashore. Shanghai was *interesting*. It had landmarks, like that bar at the Club, the longest in the world—girls weren't allowed in, but it was nice to hear about. There was the brothel district, ditto ditto. There were the Chinese silk shops and the émigré Russian ballet dancers: there was excitement. In Hong Kong what did you have? Just beauty.

The Hong Kong British would not have agreed with me, since for them Hong Kong was ideal, the very essence of country club. They had tennis, boating, swimming, those odd varieties of football known as soccer and rugger, and—for all I know—cricket. They had shooting in the hills, and good roads, and good cars, and nice, law-abiding British people. I felt I could do without all that: I was romantic. But one had to admit the place was enchanting to look at, and after a day at the races—for that was why I had deigned to set foot on Hong Kong's soil to begin with; I had come down for the racing season—I began to waver.

Racing in Hong Kong (and Shanghai, in those days) has a charm that can not be matched in the Western world, though possibly India could put up fair competition. If you ask me to sum up what is so special about it and why it outclasses, in my opinion, the Derby or Goodwood or any meeting on the Continent, my mind fills with a jumble of delights and I grow incoherent.

The Chinese who come in crowds to Happy Valley and walk up and down greeting each other, shushing their children who never need shushing, whispering hot tips, betting mysteriously but industriously: the little ponies and their riders, legs dangling nearly to the ground, quick-tempered from training, nervy and quarrelsome—news of jockeys' disputes leak out to the stands and affect the odds—and the foreigners in their best clothes, those who have boxes holding open house. I remember how greedy I used to be for the small chow—bits of lobster and Indian pasties full of fire—that was served with the champagne. Over all is the great clear-blue sky pinned down by hills, and the sun making the course radiant. That year at the races I forgot to be irritated with the bland, deliberately dim Englishwomen I saw shopping in Whiteaway's or having their hair done, and the ruddy-faced young men in shorts, complaining of homesickness for dear old England. I forgave them the bad music to which they contentedly danced on Saturday nights. I said to myself charitably that even though Hong Kong was just an overgrown suburban town, it had its points. The next time I saw it, Shanghai was permanently in the past. The Japanese had pushed me out. I had to come to terms with Hong Kong, but this was easier than I had expected: it had changed for the better—much better.

After all, the Japanese had pushed out a lot of other people too from China, and many of them went to Hong Kong. They made the difference. The streets now resounded with northern dialects as well as southern—that nine-toned singsong Cantonese—and the Shanghai and Soochow girls with their elegance had changed the appearance of the local maidens. Foreigners may not see it at first, but a cheong-sam is capable of a good deal of variation. When I dug out an old dress of mine the other day I was amazed. The collar was too low, the sleeves too short, the buttons sadly out of date, and the whole thing cut too straight and loose. Even the foreign girls perked up, for the city was now full of Shanghai foreign-style tailors, far better than those of Hong Kong. Peking opera twanged and trilled in *(Continued on page 224)*





KAREN RADKAI

THE CHARMING EUROPEANS

ELEVEN INTERESTING YOUNG WOMEN FROM GREECE TO SCANDINAVIA— ALL WEARING AMERICAN CLOTHES

The young woman on the opposite page, and the ten who follow, are not only enchanting to look at: they represent, collectively, what might be called the new European woman. To the recognized charms of European women—percipience, savoir vivre, an accomplished manner—these young Europeans have added some new ones: gaiety, candour, awareness. Most of them lead a casual, active, informal life; many are dazzlingly expert at sports; all seem to be interested in everything from the most unconventional painting to the newest (and fastest) ski-slope. Again and again, the notes that accompanied these photographs from Europe, written by an observant American on Vogue's Paris staff, contained such phrases as: "Completely modern, alive, informed," "Not interested in the classic kind of social life," "Tremendous vitality and exuberance," "Loves the casual life," "Utterly charming and natural.". . . If these sound like phrases often used to describe attractive young Americans, it's not a coincidence—because the young American woman of 1962 shares many traits with her European counterpart. Actually, about half the young women shown here have visited America at least once, and the other half would love to come; one was educated here, and two have worked here briefly. We photographed all these young women in clothes by American designers, flown to Europe expressly for these sittings. A final note: All of the eleven on these pages have the marvellous European talent for multilingual communication. They speak fluently, and read, an average of four languages apiece, and some speak five or six. Every one speaks English.

AUSTRIA: COUNTESS ULRICH GOESS

A charming, green-eyed blonde with golden-beige skin (she wears no make-up), Countess Goess lives in Vienna; in the summer and on weekends, at nearby Bockfliess, the 11th-century castle of her husband's parents. She speaks English, French, Italian, as well as German; skis, hunts, and swims; paints (for pleasure); adores the country. Count and Countess Goess have a four-month-old daughter who, our editor reported, "resembles a tiny pink-and-white baroque angel." Here, Countess Goess wears a black matelassé dress by Maurice Rentner. Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's.



KAREN RADKAI

PORTUGAL: SRA. MARIA JOÃO ESPIRITO SANTO SILVA. Spirited, boyishly slender, with blue eyes and short fair hair, she lives in Estoril with her husband and small son; rides, swims, sails; speaks five languages. White matelassé evening dress by Ceil Chapman: Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer.



GERMANY: PRINCESS KARL PHILLIP ZU SALM-SALM once taught skiing in Vermont, now lives near Münster, Westphalia, where her husband is at the University. The baby's name is Emmanuel. Princess Salm has hazel eyes, a mannequin's figure. Red plaid wool coat by Scaasi: Bergdorf Goodman; Harzfeld's



ENGLAND: THE HONOURABLE LUCINDA LAMBTON, daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Lambton, is nineteen, tall, appealingly coltish, with pale-brown hair and huge sea-green eyes. A serious photographer, she has done many studies of children. Navy-blue tweed coat and skirt by Davidow: Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.

KAREN RADKAI



COIFFURE BY GRANTZAU

DENMARK: COUNTESS IRENE WEDELL, a charming, witty brunette, lives in a moated Victorian castle in Jylland with her husband and, often, troops of guests; adores gardening and music. White peau-de-soie evening dress, mustard velvet coat, by Irene: Bonwit Teller; L. S. Ayres.



GREECE: MRS. CONSTANTINE DRACOPOULOS, the former Miss Eleni Mercati, lived and went to school in the United States for ten years. Now she lives in Athens, and in a modern house at Kavouri, with her husband and children, Alexander (above), and Eugénie. Here, with her own jewels: Townley's black matelassé late-day dress. Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.

KAREN RADKAI



SWEDEN: MISS IRENE FOLIN, whose Venetian-looking setting is a Stockholm waterway. Miss Folin, tall and slender, with blue eyes and chestnut hair, speaks four languages; has worked as an airline stewardess to see the world. She is a crack rider, skier, and shot—the game: moose. Talmack brown tweed dress, jacket: Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin.



ITALY: PRINCIPESSA BENEDETTA BARBERINI COLONNA DI SCIARRA, here in the Borghese Palace courtyard, is a tall young Roman beauty with surprisingly blue eyes. She will visit the U.S. this autumn for débutante parties in New York, Washington. Salmon-pink faille evening dress from Elizabeth Arden.

KAREN RADKAI



FRANCE: MADAME RICHARD DE SURMONT is a charming Venezuelan, née Olavarría, who has spent most of her life in France; she married M. Surmont in 1957, settled down in a houseboat, later moved to a Paris apartment. Their son, Patrick, is three. She wears a white brocade dress by Maurice Rentner; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's.



KAREN RADKAI

SWEDEN: MISS ANNA TENGBOM, blond, green-eyed, is the daughter of Anders Tengbom, distinguished Swedish architect. Now twenty-two, she has studied art and industrial design, designed at Bonniers in New York; speaks six languages; is an expert rider, sailor, and skier. Here, in Stockholm's Millesgården, she wears a black-and-white evening costume by Jax.



FRANCE: MADAME PIERRE LE BLAN is actually an Italian beauty, née Maria Elena di Rovasenda, who has red-brown hair, pale-turquoise eyes. With her husband and two daughters, she lives in Paris, near the Bois; adores horse racing, collecting antiques, arranging flowers. Grey jersey late-day dress by Jane Derby: Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's.

The new brainwork in beauty

A ticker tape is like a melody is like a pretty girl . . . and the facts behind this curious slice of beauty lore relate to a new alliance of women and electronics that works like this: The woman, any woman, fills out a fifty-one-part questionnaire which is then fed to a machine called the "Beauty Brain"—more familiarly known as Univac. In a matter of instants the Brain coolly analyzes her skin and make-up psyche and disgorges a tiny compendium of what she ought to do about it. Simple? Not really, because the questions are all adroitly loaded to reveal More Than One Thinks. For instance, on the basis of extensive non-electronic, woman-to-woman research that went on before any questions were developed, it became evident that (a) women who cheat on sleep are apt to have flabby skin; (b) most mothers like subtle make-ups; (c) dieters need special skin help because oils are missing from their food intake; (d) women who hate exercise need more pink in their make-up, may profit from skin-stimulants; (e) very young girls love to give all the offbeat colours a whirl; (f) any number of women who have sensitive skin don't know it. Perhaps one of the trickiest, most revealing questions of all is #51: "Which of the following women do you consider to be the most beautiful? . . . Jacqueline Kennedy, Elizabeth Taylor, Princess Grace, Miss America, Sandra Dee, Gloria Swanson, Loretta Young?" . . . From the answer you give, Univac deduces the sort of image you're shooting for and, on a purely practical level, a good inkling of how *much* make-up you like to wear. . . . The human factor behind all this computation is the old, but by no means old-fashioned, firm of Yardley, which has recently tossed tradition, experience, and a whole team of avant-garde chemists into a blender and come up with a fascinating new assortment of products. "Life-geared" is the word they like to use for them, but in a gentler mood, they also admit that the whole business is a subtle plot designed to "bring the English complexion to America." Moisture is one of the pivots, naturally, and it can start, if you and Univac like, with something called "Foaming Milk Bath," a gentle emollient that leaves you a little bit dewy all over, cleaner-feeling than an unadorned bath, and has the additional, practically unheard-of virtue of not *(Continued on page 228)*

Undercover agents—a new perspective

What goes on first this autumn—lingerie and foundations with good (sometimes startling) looks as well as lines; in colours pale or bright, enlightened fabrics that are softer, smoother. On the slant at the right, the short slip in full flower. The flowers are bright pink and cranberry-coloured, gathered in profusion on a white background; the length an easy one to wear under lined skirts. By Hollywood Vassarette in tricot of Antron nylon. About $9. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros. Belle-Sharmeer stockings. Black lizard shoes by Evins. ART KANE





ART KANE

backhanded way of showing what's new about lingerie right now: it's apt to be in ravishing colours, and, when it's supposed to give shaping or support, it does. Here, a long-legged pantie-girdle, softly-rounded brassière, in champagne-coloured nylon lace, and power net of Lycra. The slip is a stroke of lime-green nylon satin tricot, and lace. All three, by Vanity Fair. Pantie-girdle, about $11; brassière, about $4; slip, about $17. What goes over it all: a green lacy-wool dress; by Mademoiselle Ricci. All at Lord & Taylor. Lingerie, also at Frost Bros.; Bullock's Downtown.

To wear under blues, blacks—and there's a profusion of them about: a blue-and-white print of twiney flowers, as fresh and charming as the Meissen china it's patterned after, in a brassière and petticoat. Both are extremely simple in cut—the flowery new prints are best unadorned. Brassière, by Warner's; about $6. Petticoat, by Laros; about $6. Both in taffeta of Dacron. Ready to go over them—a black dress; yards of mock-pearl necklaces by Marvella. All: Altman's. Lingerie, also at Neusteters; Frederick & Nelson. Golden-beige stockings by Hummingbird. Shoes by Johansen.







The red and the black (opposite page), to wear under black or black-and-white checked clothes. The brassière, black lace; half-slip, ruby red nylon and lace. Both by Van Raalte. Brassière made with Lycra, nylon satin tricot, and nylon lace, about $5; half-slip of nylon tricot, about $7. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Rich's; I. Magnin. Black lizard shoes by Christian Dior. *Above:* Foundations in white for a spare, lean-lined dress: lace brassière made like a camisole for a natural look; high-waisted girdle that also does the same job as a waist-cincher. Both by Formfit. Brassière of nylon lace and marquisette, elastic at the back. About $6; girdle in power net made with Lycra, nylon lace, and satin, about $19. At Bloomingdale's; Hudson's.



the new rush of black into fashion this autumn means a rush of black lingerie, too. It's often the best possible—as well as the most alluring—supporting cast. *Above:* Black over pink—brassière of black Ban-Lon lace over pink nylon marquisette; sides and back made with Lycra. $6. High (16") girdle in power net made with Lycra; panels of black lace and satin of Antron nylon. About $23. By Lily of France. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros. Delman shoes. *Facing page:* Black all-in-one, designed for late-day dresses that swoop low at the back. Made with Vyrene; black satin panels at sides, back; front panel of black lace. By Bien Jolie; about $23. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

ART KANE





The kind of late-day look that keeps a clothes-life ticking: soft wools with a pared-to-the-bone sort of simplicity. *Left:* White wool dress (white continuing star status) with a basque bodice, a full skirt; piped. To wear with black beads, twelve-button black kidskin gloves. By Mollie Parnis, of Staron wool, about $145. At Bonwit Teller; Mondaldo's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Double-strand fake jet necklace by Richelieu. *Right:* Grey dress of a lacy wool that looks knitted, isn't. The wide grey belt and long, slim sleeves are very much in this year's idiom. By Ben Reig at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Photographs on these and the next four pages, were taken at Idlewild at the new Trans World Flight Center, an austere, sculptured soaring of concrete designed by Eero Saarinen.

WHAT MAKES A CLOTHES-LIFE RUN: A NEW IDEA IN WOOL





Above: The easygoing grey flannel dress—here, chiffon-weight, and two pieces long with deep, wide pleats in the skirt; a put-over top roped in at the waist with a shoestring belt. To wear with grey: cinnamon shoes. Dress by Paul Parnes, of Forstmann wool, about $125. Capezio shoes. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Neiman-Marcus.

Right: Silk plaid suit-look with overtones of Chanel. The jacket is braid-rimmed; the dress has braid at the waistline. A tweedy red and black plaid. By Mort Schrader, about $90, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Frederick & Nelson. *Far right:* A rancher's scarf wraps up the throatline of a slender dress, a sheer wool plaid that mixes black with wine. By Adele Simpson, of Abraham fabric, about $185. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Rich's; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin.

WHAT MAKES A CLOTHES-LIFE RUN: THE ALL-DAY DRESS



SUSAN WOOD



THE ALL-DAY DRESS

Wool dresses to wear this way: with accessories on the sparse side, a head-scarf wound on for a sleek, hooded look. *Left:* Charcoal-green dress in one of the new chiffon-weight wools; trapunto cording on the sleeves, the skirt. By Jerry Silverman, of Jasco wool crêpe; about $70. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Gus Mayer; Hudson's; I. Magnin. *Above, right:* Head-scarf with a dress to match—both in a grey featherweight wool flannel. By Vera Stewart, about $125, at Evelyn Byrnes; I. Magnin. *Right:* Lemon-yellow dress of a light, soufflèed wool, to wear with cinnamon—the chiffon scarf, the handbag. By Georgia Bullock, of Forstmann wool (loomed in America), about $90. Vera scarf. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at L. S. Ayres; J.W. Robinson. Rolfs handbag.

SUSAN WOOD





ON THESE FOUR PAGES: THE EXCITEMENT IN JUNIOR CLOTHES; YOUNG WOMEN WHO WEAR THEM—EXCITINGLY
A fetchingly pretty young Englishwoman with a bloomy complexion, Princess Windisch-Graetz lives now, with her husband and two-month-old son, in New York. Her own clothes, like those she wears for Vogue on these two pages, are scaled to an excellent junior figure—high-waisted, roundly slender but small-boned. In scale and In: the all-white suit-look above—wool cardigan, hooded silk chiffon blouse, straight skirt. The suit, by Anne Fogarty; about $110. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus.







HORST

PRINCESS VERIAND WINDISCH-GRAETZ, SHOWN OPPOSITE AND ABOVE—SLIM, SMALL-BONED, DRESSED TO SCALE Top, pale, Tyrolean green wool Melton cloth, brass-buttoned over a white wool turtle-neck sweater—a suit cut with timeless observations on what flatters a junior figure: less jacket, fairly explicit waistline, full skirt—but fully controlled. Three-piece suit, by Junior Sophisticates; about $110. This, at Bonwit Teller and Jenny's. Directly above, red-and-white worsted checks, shaped by a permissive little tie-belt. By Alamor; about $30. Altman's; Joseph Magnin. Coiffures, by Angela of Lilly Daché.



BOTH PAGES: A JUNIOR-SIZE BEAUTY WHO PAINTS: A DANCER WHOSE ACTING DÉBUT WON AN ACADEMY AWARD
The dancers, above and right: Beatrice Whistler Dabney has a tilted smile, a junior-size figure, and a one-woman show of her paintings scheduled later this season at New York's Sagittarius Gallery. George Chakiris, Miss Dabney's partner in both photographs, has saved his last dance for Vogue. Having danced his way to the Hollywood big-time, the award-winning star of *West Side Story* has temporarily shelved his musical plans. In his next two pictures (Columbia's *Diamond Head, Flight from Ashira* for UA)—he *Acts.*



HORST

BEATRICE DABNEY AND GEORGE CHAKIRIS, THE OSCAR-WINNING BERNARDO IN THE MOVIE, "WEST SIDE STORY"
The clothes, left: Sweater-and-skirt dressing in black velvet and white satin, with a shock of pink at the waist. By Gay Gibson (velvet by Crompton) ; about $25. Schreiner necklace. Both: Lord & Taylor. Dress: Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz. *Above:* Black crêpe, full in a moving new way—only at the back. By Junior Sophisticates, of rayon and acetate (Klopman fabric) ; about $50. Schreiner tiara. Both: Bonwit Teller. Dress: Hutzler's; Joseph Magnin. Coiffures: Monti. Mr. Chakiris's suit: Saks Fifth Avenue University Shop.

Little-er me

Emergency means to a new figure—1 inch off the waistline in 5 days; a Vogue editor's experiment

In expectation of a promising weekend, only five days away, I took out, for the first time this season, a favourite suit. The scene that followed was somber. The waist of the skirt was strangling, my rib cage looked stuffed into the wide-belted jacket. It was the same with everything I tried on in the shops. The alarm signal was clear—when the muscles drag around the waist and rib cage, the rest of the torso starts to go with them. All the while, a little box of electronic exercise sat on the closet floor eyeing me with inanimate contempt. I hadn't touched it in over a year, although it had once been an indispensable item, even travelling. Now, with scarcely enough time left to take the line of least resistance and have the clothes altered, I decided that it was I who would have to give the inch, not my clothes—in crash-program time, too, half an hour a day for the next five days.

I suddenly felt like Farragut at Mobile Bay, about to head straight through those inches. Out came the Relax-A-cizor equipment and tape measure. Rib cage, 31″; waist, 28½″; abdomen, 36″—each area with its own inch more than the clothes could accommodate.

A brief run-through of the instruction book to see what muscle points controlled the rib cage, waist, and abdomen, and I was ready to start my first half hour of exercise, lying in bed with the new volume of Leonard Woolf's autobiography (Virginia was such a thin girl). Fortunately, I had—though I hadn't used—a set of the recently developed cotton nylon mesh belts which are not only easier to adjust, but take the chill off the first meeting of flesh and water-sprayed belt—the old rubber ones were a bit of a *frisson*. Remembering that an extra helping of concentration on exact belt and pad placement prevented puckering or pulling of the skin that occurs if they are the slightest bit off the target muscles, I was particularly careful in putting on the two belts I had selected to do the job. (Any newcomer to Relax-A-cizor, of course, is assigned an instructor to show her how to use the equipment and where—for hips, legs, arms, back, or whatever.)

As soon as I was comfortably settled in bed, I turned on the current, first to low and felt the purr of my long-unexercised muscles, then gradually to a higher volume until the purr became a strong rhythmic contraction. I had forgotten how untensing, physically and psychologically, this could be, enough to put me on the fringes of a catnap.

When the thirty minutes were up, I taped myself again—½ inch in all three areas had evaporated. The first day's result is usually dramatic, I knew from experience; after that the loss (no weight, strictly dimension) was slower, from ⅛ inch to ¼ inch. On the fifth, and final day of my experiment, immediately after the half-hour was up, I made a dash for the favoured suit. It fit. The proof of the test was in the wearing, but just for the record I retaped myself: rib cage, 30½″; waist, 27½″; abdomen, 34⅞″. (More on page 218.)



HARD BY THE RIVER RHÔNE

Avignon and around Vaucluse

BY MARY ROBLEE HENRY

Avignon, seat of Popes and a dancy bridge, is the solar-plexus city of Vaucluse, a province of that distilled, sun-filtered swag of France called Provence. Hard by the River Rhône, beat by the sun, lashed by ravaging mistral winds, Vaucluse merges an inherent toughness of the Roman Provincia Gallica with the sweetest of the French *douceur de vivre*. Green-gold vines lie on the brawny hills, yellow sesame forms broadloom fields, and tunnels of giant plane trees, yelling with the rub-legged song of cicadas, reach to orangy villages, each with its moss-bearded fountain, its leafy square.

On market days, awninged stalls offer mounds of food: buckets of black olives soaked in garlic oil, pink-fuzzed peaches, pâté of thrush with truffles, trays of goat cheeses, bouquets of herbs. Wine is twenty-five cents a quart, and one small melon can perfume an entire house. The people are rich and proud, for if the market, Les Halles, is the belly of Paris—as Zola said—then Provence is the finest belly of Les Halles.

Many artists come to Provence settling in the stony hill-town farmhouses (called *mas*) with walls a yard thick, dark-beamed ceilings, red-tiled floors, and from squat terraces, long views of the brass-green plain. Cultivating their vineyards, their olive groves, and their orchards, the farmers are ruddy, square-built men who wear the blue of Cézanne's card players.

This is, in fact, Cézanne country, the right climate for painters—Van Gogh, Manet, Renoir, and Picasso who called one of his most famous paintings, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*. A climate for writers as well—Daudet, Giono, Pagnol, Lawrence Durrell, and Racine, who said of Provence three hundred years ago, "*Nous avons les nuits plus belles que vos jours . . .*" (Our nights are more beautiful than your days.)

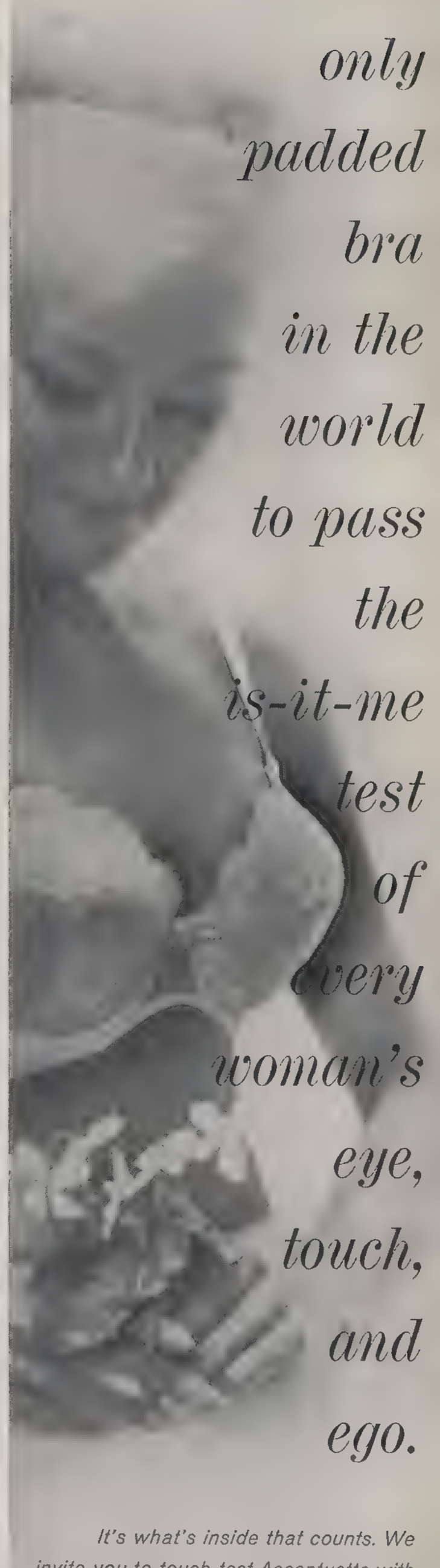
AVIGNON—*sur le pont, cool wine, theatre in the Papal Palace.*

There is nothing of the village about Avignon, and, in fact, among its major charms are the *demoiselles*, flouncing up the shady Rue de la République casting peppery eyes and dressed, as the French say, to the four pins. Cafés are solidly packed, and at night the people parade in the outdoor salon of the square beneath the ghost-white ramparts of the floodlit Papal Palace.

A galaxy of unstarred, and two three-star restaurants, the Lucullus and the Hiély, serve spiced, herbaceous food with the strong fruity wines of the Côtes-du-Rhône. The *Michelin Guide* lists ten hotels in Avignon, the best of which are the Hôtel d'Europe in a sixteenth-century manor house, and a flowery priory, Le Prieuré, across the Rhône River at Villeneuve-lès-Avignon. It is, incidentally, not reached by way of the bridge where "*on y danse tous en rond.*"

It is actually doubtful that people ever danced on the skinny, sturdy Bridge of St.-Bénézet, built for horsemen and pedestrians in 1189. Now only four spans survive, jutting about half way across the river. On one of the pilings stands the chapel of St.-Nicolas, not that of Bénézet, who was a simple shepherd boy on the side of the angels who took twelve years to fin-

(Continued on page 214)



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HARD BY THE RIVER RHONE

(Continued from page 213)

ish—with some help—Avignon's most graceful, and now useless, bridge.

Belted by cheese-white walls, Avignon looks Italian, because until 1791 it belonged to the Kingdom of Naples and for that reason was chosen as the seat of Popes during the schism of the church from 1309 to 1449.

The Popes lived in the formidable Papal Palace, a château-fortress covering fifty thousand square feet with muscular towers a hundred and fifty feet tall. Now on summer nights, the great courtyard becomes a theatre for the Théâtre National Populaire in plays by such authors as Giraudoux, Goldoni, and Molière. On Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, the arches and windows light up for *The Time of the Popes*, a *son et lumière* crash course in the history of the French Popes and Petrarch.

Petrarch spent twenty-one years in and around the Papal Court, translating, writing his sonnets, and reviling Avignon where, he said, "everyone distrusted God and adored money . . . and everything breathed a lie: the air, the earth, the houses, and above all, the bed chambers."

FONTAINE DE VAUCLUSE—*Petrarch's house, tall plane trees, a foaming river.*

Francesco Petrarch, in fact, fled at thirty-three to seclusion in Fontaine-de-Vaucluse, a pretty village ten miles east of Avignon on the River Sorgue. There he spent sixteen years and wrote, in 1338, his biographies, *De viris illustribus* (On Famous Men) and his epic poem, *Africa*, about Scipio Africanus.

In a small, dreary house, his room is preserved—on the bookshelves leather-bound editions of his works, a scrap or two of manuscript, and gravures of himself and his love, Laura, to whom he wrote his famous sonnets. Although Petrarch loved Laura from the time he first saw her in 1327 until she died of the black death in 1348, the infatuation remained literary, as she was said to have been the respectable wife of Hugues de Sade and the mother of eleven children.

Fontaine de Vaucluse takes its name from a foaming spring, which disgorges a powerful rush of water cascading over rocks to the River Sorgue below. Cantilevered over the river banks are terraces for lunching, perhaps on river trout, purple artichokes, and local goat cheese, especially delicious with a chilled Tavel rosé.

MONT VENTOUX—*a bald mountain, acid-green pastis, and boule players.*

Carpentras, a walled city on a hilltop north of Fontaine de Vaucluse, was the capital of the Comtat Venaissin, a patch of Vaucluse held by the Vatican until 1791. Although worldly enough to have a five-and-ten Prisunic and those fine hard candies called *berlingots*, it is best known for its library; some of the rarest ecclesiastical editions are there. The oldest synagogue in France is in Carpentras, once a centre of Sephardic Jewry. There many Hebrew and Arab documents were translated into Latin and French.

Rolling in sea-green hills, the road between Carpentras and Malaucène leads to Mont Ventoux, the highest peak in Provence, where people ski in winter. A curiously bald mountain, tufted in fir trees and spruce, it belongs to no range, but looms, high, round, and haughty, from the plain. At the summit, there is an observatory and a pleasant hotel, Mont-Serein, where the steamy lunch is good and the windows look onto enormous views of the distant Lower Alps and the Ouvèze River snaking through the valley below.

In Malaucène, one of those Provençal villages with a main square parasoled in plane trees, women wash clothes at a tile-roofed fountain, a languid game of *boule* is perpetually in motion, and the climate induces sipping acid-green *pastis* in the twilight at the café Chez Soi. The Hôtel du Ventoux has excellent food, especially the thyme-and-tarragon-fed baby lamb, served with a Rosé de Ventoux, an orangy wine, ruddier and stronger than most.

VAISON-LA-ROMAINE—*Roman digs,*

a Provençal market, an inn with sleigh beds.

Through shafts of tall plane trees, the road to Vaison-la-Romaine loops by aromatic carpets of lavender, fields of moony sunflowers, and solid peasant houses, their roofs held fast by large boulders. Vaison looks like a town that the French delight in noting for its *belles promenades, beaux sites, et bon repos,* and in fact it has all of these. The *beaux sites* are digs in the centre of town; Roman pavements, peristyles, and mosaics banded in lavender, and an amphitheatre where comedies are given. The *belles promenades* wind through shopping streets to a café-crawling square, especially jumpy on Tuesday market mornings. Then the bargaining goes on in broadly-accented Midi French —somewhat comparable to a Virginia drawl in this country—or in Provençal, the generic language which can be understood by Portuguese and Romansche speaking people, but not by the non-Provençal French.

For any real *bon repos* in Vaison, it is best to drive up the hill to this mediaeval Vaison village, where the later sixteenth-century inn, Le Beffroi, puts its guests into deeply Provençal rooms with sleigh beds and massive armoires.

Bordered on one side by spiky mountains, Les Dentelles de Montmirail, on the other by vineyards walled in cypress trees against the icy mistral winds, the road to Orange passes villages carved on hill crests. These villages look sleepy, almost painted on the landscape, but occasionally they snap with festivals. Séguret, for instance, for the grape harvest in September, puts on a gala, stringing the square with candy-coloured lights, staging plays in Provençal, inviting the *tambourinaries* to do their folksy dances to the beat of fifes and tall drums.

ORANGE—*a Roman theatre for ten thousand, idle café-lounging in amber squares.*

Orange is orange, and gives its name to the Princes of Orange and Nassau to whom it belonged until 1713. There are no traces of the Dutch, however, but many of the Romans whose remaining legacies are a 49 B.C. triumphal arch marking Caesar's victory over the Gauls, and a massive Roman theatre where ten thousand spectators see ballet, superb plays, and *son et lumière* spectacles.

Perhaps because of its sequence of small amber squares rimmed in densely-leafed trees, Orange seems like a vast roofless palace where people stroll aimlessly or sit for hours gossiping over a glass of Rasteau, a sweet apéritif. Many of the restaurants are flush to the street, like Le Provençal, where the specialties are *pâté de grive* (thrush), *ratatouille,* and duck with olives; the wines, Gigondas, and Châteauneuf-du-Pape.

CHÂTEAUNEUF-DU-PAPE—*cellars of wine, cobwebby and fumed.*

A twist off the road, National 7 (a three-lane death trap of trucks, scooters, Jags, and jumpy little *deux chevaux* Citroëns) leads to the excellent wineries of Châteauneuf-du-Pape. Lean and stony, this land produces a red, white, and rosé wine of a high degree of alcohol with a bouquet that swooned the Popes of Avignon. Wineries welcome visitors for tastings. At the Clos du Pape, Monsieur Avril takes people around his cellars, automated and totally modern. Nothing bacchanalian here, like stomping up and down barefoot on the juicy fruit, just underground presses and vats and mechanical bottling. Only the cellars are cobwebby, musty, and coolly fumed with wine. With Châteauneuf-du-Pape in mind, Petrarch wrote to the Pope, "*Très Saint Père,* the princes of the church value the wine of Provence and know that French wines are rarer at the Vatican than Holy Water."

THE LUBERON MOUNTAINS—*bony hills, farmhouses called mas, peace.*

A wilder, bonier part of Vaucluse lies south of Avignon—the Luberon Mountains, their slopes dotted with conical stone houses, called *bòri,* used as dwell-

(Continued on page 218)



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"BETWEEN MEALS"

(Continued from page 161)

become friends, despite the difference in age. He was full of a suppressed Bohemianism, of the vintage of 1900. He looked like Don Quixote, as tall as De Gaulle, with a long drooping moustache *en grenadier*.

In 1925 he had been called back to France to a very good place in the old firm. For him America had been a place of Bithynian exile, but for Madame, to hear her talk after she got back, it had been a giddy whirl, an exotic paradise. Happiness, for her, was always some place where she used to be. For one thing, they were again within the orbit of Monsieur's mother, who according to Madame had always favoured his two brothers since Monsieur had married her. On the surface, though, all was smooth—the family was reunited, and, since Monsieur was prosperous, his mother could not bully him. Monsieur liked me because we had felt ourselves castaway in suburbia, and Madame loved me as a visible symbol of that glorious world in which she convinced herself she had recently existed. As a matter of fact, she had been most unhappy there. It was through Monsieur that I joined La Société Nautique de la Marne, one of the two chief rowing clubs of the region. It was my last gesture of appeasement toward Ralph Henry Barbour and *mens sana*.

The coach, a M. Parisot, was my direct sponsor, in spite of the fact I never saw him before I became a *sociétaire*. For years he had been chief clerk of an importing house in the Cité Bergère, one of the partners in which was one of the brothers of Monsieur. The brother, who first talked to Parisot about my *adhésion* to La Nautique, informed Monsieur, who informed me, that Parisot had been knocked in the eye at the prospect of having an American oarsman for the objective race of the season—against La Nautique's rival, the Rowing Club de la Seine.

Two years before, M. Parisot had witnessed the triumph of Yahlé, the American crew at the Olympics of 1924, and he expected to see a Yahlé type of oarsman when I reported at the clubhouse of La Nautique on the following Sunday. He was not completely disappointed in me. I wasn't as big as a varsity oarsman, but I was a lot bigger than most of the other *sociétaires*. His first deception, as he expressed it, came when I told him I had never rowed in my life, even in a skiff. He was of the opinion, however, that with application I would be able to figure in the débutant eight of the Nautique on the day of the great race and that in another summer I might be ripe for the senior boat. M. Parisot was a ruddy little man with a bristly black-and-grey moustache, a deep voice, and an air of command, which he had acquired in early life when he had been a coxswain. He was a Southerner, I believe, and on Sundays always wore a steamer cap pulled down over his eyes and a grey turtleneck sweater, to indicate the completeness of his release from sedate importing-office ways. M. Parisot, as *barreur*, which is French for cox, had once directed the unsuccessful activities of a French crew at Henley.

"It wasn't because of more *savant* manipulation of the oar that they beat us," he informed me on that first morning of our acquaintance, "but because of a superiority of brute force. They were horses, my lad."

The Société Nautique de la Marne had its seat at Joinville-le-Pont, which is a little suburban town that you reached from the Gare de Vincennes. The Société occupied an island in the Marne, accessible by a stairway from the stone bridge that gives Joinville-le-Pont its name. One of the first things I noticed about the Marne was that there did not seem to be much water in it. What water there was appeared to be full of long green weeds, and I wondered how I would ever be able to pull an oar through them. This problem turned out to have no importance.

Before inducting me into the mysteries of the sweep, M. Parisot said (I had sought him out as soon as I arrived on the island) it would be his pleasure to present me to my fellow *sociétaires* and, he hoped, my teammates of the future. When the presentations were finished it was time for dinner. I learned from a young man named Morin, to whom I had been presented, that the crews of the Société practised only on Sundays when the weather was pleasant; there was consequently no time to waste on elaborate dinners.

The *sociétaires* did not insist upon formalities, what the devil, one wasn't *chez* Foyot, what? So we had, as hors d'oeuvre, only a crock of duck *pâté*, a crock of *pâté* of hare, a few tins of sardines, muzzle of beef, radishes, and butter. Morin, who sat next to me, was almost abjectly apologetic. Two little girls in pigtails served the dinner. They were the daughters of the caretaker. He was not the best of caretakers, Morin said, but his wife, the little girls' mother, was an excellent cook. Morin was a handsome fellow and wore a royal-blue sweater with the arms knotted negligently around his neck even while he ate. The colours of the Société were blue and white.

After the hors d'oeuvre we had a potato soup, then a *buisson de goujons*, a mound of tiny fried fish, for each of the *sociétaires*. After that, a leg of mutton with roast potatoes, a salad, cheese, and fruit. Red and white wine were there to take *à discrétion*, and most of the *sociétaires* had a brandy with their coffee as a digestive.

Naturally, one did not attempt violent exercise after such a meal. It would not be healthy, M. Parisot explained. A group of us took a stroll about the island. A *sociétaire* named Leclerc, the *chef de nage*, or stroke, of the senior eight, said that he didn't think he'd row that afternoon. "What the devil," he said. "One works hard all week. Why sweat when you don't have to?"

We interrupted our walk to watch the shell of the Femina Sports, a woman's athletic club which also went in for rowing. The shell was being towed upstream by a motorboat. The girls sat with their feet on the gunwales in order not to wet their slippers; their thighs were ravishing. I still remember the girl who sat at bow. She wore her hair, which was ash-blond, in a high mound on top of her head, and she had long earrings. When the girls got about a quarter of a mile above the island they decided not to row anyway, so the motorboat towed them back to their own float, a bit farther downstream. We of the Nautique were disappointed.

Toward half past four, M.

Parisot suggested that I essay the club's rowing machine. I planked myself down on the sliding seat. It was on a float on the side of the island away from Joinville. The motion of the float, it was explained to me, would partially accustom the beginner to the swell of the river. I seized the dummy sweep, and M. Parisot, pausing frequently lest I break into perspiration—the weather was as yet a trifle raw—began to impart to me that *savant* stroke of the oar which had discomfited the Rowing Club de la Seine on innumerable occasions. "Lengthen out," he adjured me. "Lengthen out. All the way back until you regard the types who pass on the bridge!" Since the float was fairly close to the bridge, I had to lie back until my head almost touched the float in order to regard the pedestrians. This was at the bottom of my stroke. It is known technically, I learned afterward, as a long layback. I performed the *savant* stroke of the oar several times to M. Parisot's satisfaction. Then he began to notice an unusually long pause at the end of the layback. A girl was crossing the bridge who, I thought, looked as if she might be the bow oar of the Femina Sports. She was walking with a soldier from the school for army physical instructors at Joinville, and I could not help watching them.

M. Parisot decided I was tired. "Rest," he said. "It is sufficient for the first day."

On the next Sunday it rained. I telephoned to the clubhouse. One of the caretaker's little girls informed me that there would be no practice. "*Crotte!*" she said. "It isn't worth the trouble to come. It's a pity, because *Maman* had bought three fine suckling pigs."

The races, débutant and senior, against the Rowing Club de la Seine were to take place on July 14. It was only mid-April then, but I began to count the intervening Sundays: not more than twelve! Allowing for a certain amount of rain, we would have time for not more than ten practices, though, this would be hardly enough. On the third Sunday I reported to the clubhouse early, in time for an *apéritif* before dinner.

"Today," M. Parisot said, "if you indicate sufficient progress, we launch you on the river. In a yawl for two—there's no place in the débutant eight, unfortunately. You will have Poirier as your comrade."

He presented Poirier. I can see him still—a pale, long-legged boy of about eighteen, with lank blond hair combed straight back. We shook hands like men about to embark on a desperate adventure. I wondered if Poirier could swim.

In turn we performed our exercises on the rowing machine for M. Parisot. He expressed himself as satisfied. The sky clouded and a few drops of water fell.

"*Attendez!*" said M. Parisot. "You can take an *apéritif en attendant.*"

He held up a finger to the wind and looked dubiously at the Marne, which stretched at least ten yards from the island to the right bank. Fifteen minutes later, as Poirier and I sat in the clubhouse over two vermouths cassis, M. Parisot entered.

"The river is too turbulent, my boys," he said. "Another time, what the devil! Drownings, you know—that does a rowing club no good. Better luck the next time."

I rode back to Paris with Poirier in third class. Poirier was a nice fellow, an apprentice ironworker. At the Gare we had another vermouth cassis and parted with a promise to brave the Marne together next Sunday, come what might. The next Sunday it rained. The one after that was Easter and I wanted to spend it with friends in Neuilly. On the Sunday after Easter I suffered from *la gueule de bois*, which is French for hangover. A week later I decided that it was no use going out to Joinville because I had probably lost my form. That was the end of the athletic phase of my *vie parisienne.*

HOW TO BE S. HUROK

(Continued from page 166)

in London to the master Diaghilev, saying, "This is your young man." The last contract Diaghilev signed was one with Hurok for an American tour of the Ballet Russe. The six-foot Impresario and the about-to-be-impresario disagreed on the ballets for New York; Diaghilev thinking "Scheherazade," "Prince Igor," and "Petrouchka" too advanced for the opening night. Before the Ballet could come, Diaghilev died in Venice. These days, Hurok is an anthology of death notices—"An-na Pav-lova died of double pneumonia at The Hague. Isadora Duncan from a scarf-auto accident on the Riviera."

Isadora, one of his managerial planets, "gave me a lot of trouble, but she was a great personality. There should be a monument to her," he added. "She popularized interpretive dancing, gave women freedom from tight corsets, she bobbed the hair of the girls in her troupe, let them dance barefoot on lawns. Interpretive dancing. She revolutionized it. She was a sensation in Paris, in Moscow, in St. Petersburg. A great philosopher, but she had a dishevelled personal life." When An-na Pav-lova lay sick at The Hague, she told Hurok to take on the imposing Mary Wigman, a notable German modern dancer —"a fine, intelligent woman." Hurok went on, "An-na Pav-lova had an open mind."

When he sits behind his enormous cluttered desk, he seems perhaps a trifle lost. His natural habitat is the fine restaurant, the concert hall, the theatre, the opera house. Then, wearing his fur-collared long coat, with his black hat and his cane in his hands, he looks like the humanization of his personal understanding about life. "Be happy. Enjoy while you can. Don't postpone. Give joy and pleasure to the world."

He likes to tell a corny little fable that is not corny to him at all. "Back at the time of the Hippodrome concerts, I used to stand in the lobby, a young man, poor, watching the people come in. Sometimes there would be a young couple, a little cross with each other. They walked side by side but separate. What would happen to them inside the theatre? When they came out for the first intermission, they were excited. They discussed the music. They smiled. They walked back, their arms linked. I had helped."

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voilà !

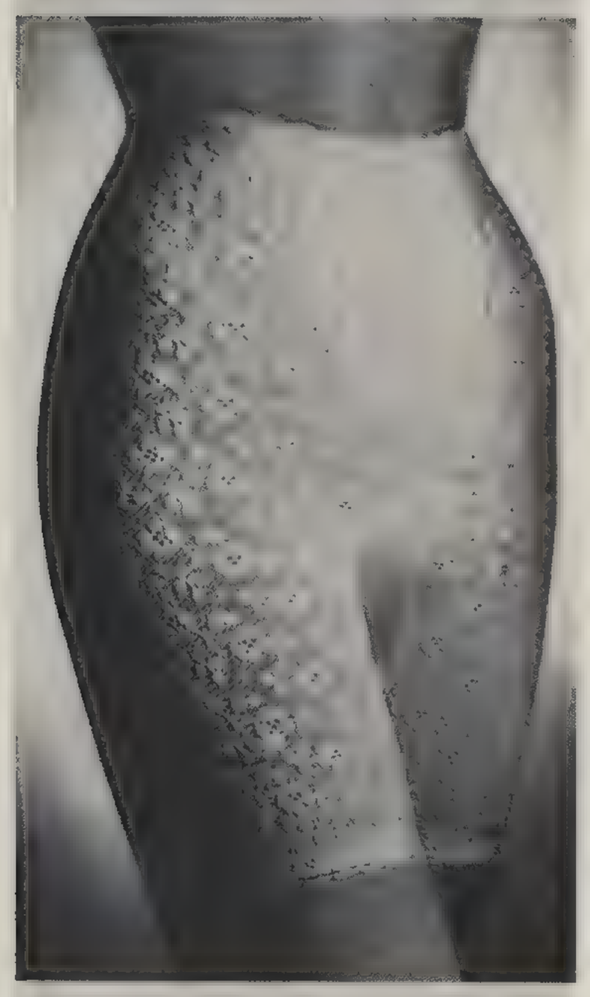
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HARD BY THE RIVER RHÔNE

(Continued from page 215)

ings, haylofts, and granaries. Apt, a valley town stained mauve, and ochre from the ochre quarries all around, is a pretty place to stay. The Hôtel Louvre has thirty rooms and an outdoor café facing an entertaining square. Quieter and more remote, Roussillon crowns a blood-red mountain and has a splendid hotel, the Rose d'Or which overhangs a canyon of red stalagmites, called *le petit Colorado.* (There appears to be a French misapprehension about the location of the Grand Canyon as every place thought to resemble it comes up Colorado.)

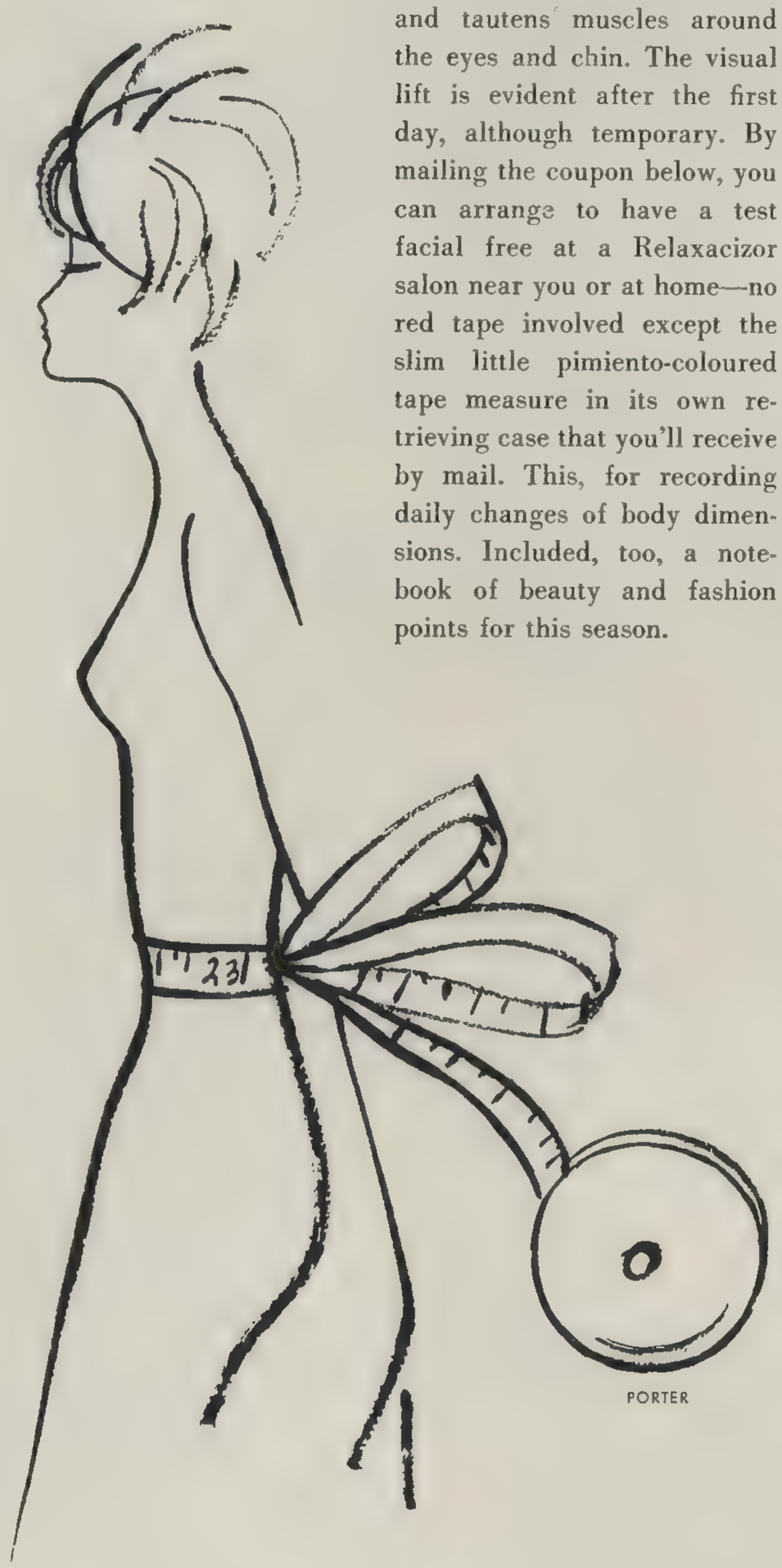
Gordes, once a phantom hill town of eyeless windows, has been bought up by artists. A deep detour into a shadowy ravine leads past *bòris* to the twelfth-century Abbey of Sénanque with its dead-white early Gothic church roofed in dry stone, its pale cloister beautifully still. The monks live in perpetual silence, but one talkative monk guides visitors, offering to sell at the end of the tour lavender water and a delectable liqueur brewed from five herbs, called Sénancole.

At nearby Lacoste, where the Marquis de Sade lived between bouts in prison, a fistful of European and American painters, writers, and photographers are converting the rocky, low-beamed houses into studios. Vogue's distinguished photographer, Irving Penn, has one small *mas* there, and is negotiating with a local *notaire* for another on the same property. Even with a French husband alert to the Code Napoléon, it took us six months to disentangle the legalities for our own *mas* in Séguret.

But whether *mas* owner or traveller, the charms of Vaucluse are apparent to everyone: the shimmering, unblemished landscape, the voluble, easy-going people, and, above all, peace.

Note: To reach Avignon, a crack express train, the Mistral, leaves Paris at 1:10 P.M. every day, arriving six hours and three minutes later in Avignon. There, cars are rentable through Hertz at 11 Avenue Raspail. In summer a big Citroën costs $37.50 a week, plus 5¢ a kilometer. Michelin map #81 marks the roads, the green Michelin the landmarks, the red *Michelin Guide* lists restaurants and hotels; half the price of those in Paris and the Côte d'Azur.

Little-er me supplement



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WHY DON'T WE HAVE A GOOD TALK SOMETIME?

By HERBERT GOLD

Let's face it, people talk a lot these days. And let's face it some more, one of the things which people say a lot when they are talking a lot these days is: "Let's face it." And perhaps one of the reasons they (we) say it is that there is an uneasy sense that human life, perhaps even social life, should mean something besides a way of passing the time—that it almost does!—that one more push and significance will be back with us again.

I have been making a small collection of the verbal symbols which we utter in order to signal mental health, social awareness, and recognition of the duty to have interpersonal intimacy without actually taking the risks of those responsibilities; in other words, what we say in order to avoid the malaise of personal contact while at the same time declaring that there is nothing we want more in the world. The basic device of this creative oratory about nonspeaking is, of course, "Why don't we have a good talk sometime?"

However, this solution has been refined by all the different types of human creatures requiring its aid. The refinements are each of value in classifying the refiner. Here are a few:

The Jittery Acquaintance Who Wants to be a Friend: "When's your birthday? I'll give you a party." Since he asks this question every time I meet him, I give him a different date on each occasion. He carefully writes it down in a little black notebook filled with the birth dates of other acquaintances. With practice he has learned to pantomime desperate concern as he scrawls the pertinent information on a separate page, using a tortured stub of pencil. His hand is gnarled and his knuckles broken with the effort. He continually ducks his head, wets his lips, and looks up ingratiatingly as he writes, on the verge of asking, "How do you spell 'March?' "

The Hostess with Duties: "You never really see the people you want to see." Sometimes she adds, after a seductive pause, "The ones you really want to see." Her husband is an official and she is obliged to entertain for him. I am sympathetic, secretly convinced that she really would want to see me more often, if only I could be of some earthly use to her—but I dislike having the torment of her responsibilities added to my already considerable burdens. Life is a round and a chore. She makes me feel it's all my fault. Sometime I must get some influence with one of her husband's companies and become really visible.

The Party Philosopher: "Where are we going? What are we here on earth for? Who's that girl with the glasses?" The Party Philosopher never lets go of the central questions. He is a member of the politbureau of the faction of mournful doubt. He bugs out his eyes and fires away. He gives you to understand that triviality makes him suffer, especially yours. It is no casual masochism which drives him to parties where two people, bound together in this vale of tears, can seldom if ever fully analyze their situation. As he crowds me into the corner, eyes bulging and mouth bitter, citing Tolstoi and his own life's story, I feel guilt because I am not so serious and concerned as he. The complete conversation runs something like this:

"Where are we going? What are we here for? Who's that girl with the glasses?"

"I don't know, I don't know." Sigh. "What glasses?"

"Well, there's a little break in the tan mark on the bridge of her nose. I can tell."

"Gosh, you have insight. As to the meaning of human existence—."

"Excuse me, I need some more ice in my drink."

A little later he can be found making time with the myopic, imperfectly tanned lady. "Where are we headed? What power has put us on earth and why?" he asks her.

"Let's face it," she says, "how can I answer that question?"

The malaise continues. I am not good at the game and that's why I have been compensating with this scientific study of the art of intense noncommunication.

(Continued on page 220)





Legs that get looked at...love

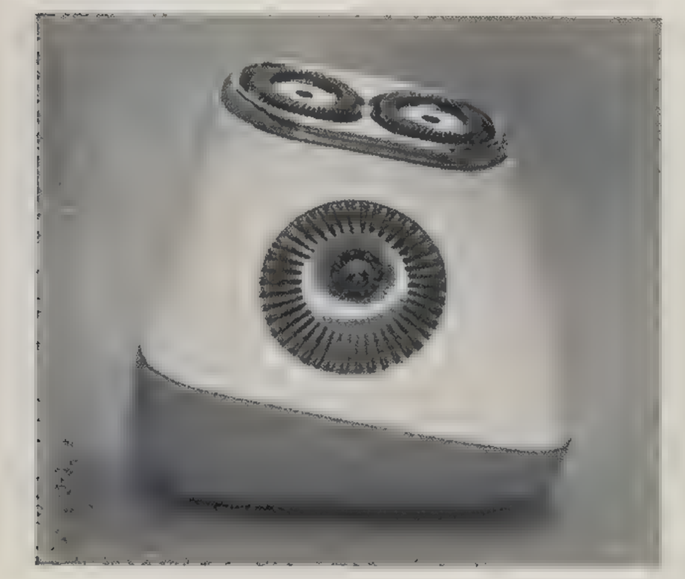
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WHY DON'T WE HAVE A GOOD TALK SOMETIME?

(Continued from page 219)

There are the old pals who cry out in crowds: "How long has it been! How long has it been!" This is not a question but a declaration. If you attempt to answer it—"Well, let's see, we last met in December of '53"—a look of metaphysical pain crosses their faces. You have become pedantic; even kind of, you know, *pushy.*

Let's meet for lunch. Let's have a drink real soon. Let's get the families together. How's about driving out to the country the first nice weekend? The variety of salute is ominously rich. Much inventiveness is poured into the hole. True eccentricity and the vocation of the hermit is squandered on nonsocial social life. "I'm thinking of forming a group to read Shakespeare and Shaw aloud. We'll probably call it 'The Shakespeare and Shaw Aloud Society.' I'll call you when we're ready to shoot, right?"

Each approach to talk represents a new departure from communication. Each tells its own story, but concludes with the same point: good-bye again. The point is more than trivial; it becomes, to borrow the word, quadrivial. This sort of discourse leads to a question: Can it be that all our discussion of the lack of communication will only succeed in enriching our ways to say we don't communicate? It is a very modern philosophical dilemma in which we are now meddling. The problem goes back to Socrates, who spoke of arguments which walked away, like dogs. It also goes back to Al Capone, a Chicago businessman who, when he felt nervous talking with people, dipped his hands into bowls of water in which rose petals floated. You could tell that he wished to evade significant human confrontation. His aides shuffled their submachine guns and he moved his hands in the pink bowls on his desk. When you shook hands good-bye, your fingertips smelled like roses and were slightly damp. Let's face it.

On the other hand, let's not face it. Let's keep it simple and true. We don't want to see the people we have to see. Often we don't want to see the people we want to see, either. Duty and courtesy have complicated everything. In fact, life would hardly be worth living at all if it weren't for such gala occasions as surprise birthday parties, chance meetings of sincere old friends, and the revealing personal confrontation which lets us know that all men are brothers, starting with Cain and Abel.

One day soon, when I have more time, I'd really like to develop this point for you.

HOW TO GO TO HONG KONG

BY AIR: On B.O.A.C., the only airline that flies direct from New York to Hong Kong without changing planes, passengers may board a 707 jet at Idlewild at 9:30 A.M., step off the same jet in Hong Kong twenty-two hours of actual flight time later. There is an hour stop at San Francisco, another at Honolulu, and an overnight stay in the Hotel New Japan in Tokyo, with B.O.A.C. paying all bills on land. After the Honolulu take-off and over the Pacific, the stewardesses pass sky-blue fans and iced scented towels. Round trip—New York to Hong Kong, economy class, $1,138; first class, $1,824. From San Francisco, the trip takes seventeen hours; costs $900 economy; $1,476, first.

From the West Coast, Pan American, Japan Airlines, and T.A.I. (which has Air France as its general agent in North America) fly to Hong Kong.

BY SEA: The American President Lines' ships sail about once a week from West Coast ports to Hong Kong, taking a fortnight, including calls at Honolulu and Yokohama. On the new one-class air-conditioned "President Roosevelt," minimum fare for cabins with shower, $617. On the "President Wilson" and "President Cleveland," first class cabins from $575; double stateroom with shower, $756 for each of two persons, one way. No single cabins.

P & O-Orient Lines' ships leave the West Coast, dock in Hong Kong some three weeks later, stopping first at Honolulu, Yokohama, and Kobe. For each person, one way, a cabin with shower, economy class, $529; first class from $588. *Note:* travelling one way by sea and one way by air, passengers pay half of the round trip plane fare, half of the round trip ship fare.

"WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND ARGUED"

BY TYRONE GUTHRIE

I was six years old when I began. My mother took me and, in the evening, fetched me back again. After a day or two she only took me to the corner of Camperdown Road, a long finger of a road, which pointed down the long, gradual decline from the Baptist Tabernacle to the Cemetery. The tall mid-Victorian villas in Camperdown Road were being gradually turned into Institutions —nursing homes, insurance offices, and schools—and looked crestfallen. Garnet House was the largest and most crestfallen of all.

A brass plate on the gate proclaimed: GARNET HOUSE. PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS. There was also one girl. Iris was her name and she was a New Girl when I was a New Boy; but Iris was only five. She was at Garnet House only because her brother, Dominic, was at Garnet House, and their parents were touring actors, so the children had no proper home. For Dominic and Iris, Garnet House was home; they even stayed there in the hols.

I remember passing on the way to a Christmas party, and there, high up at a dark, curtainless window . . . but no; I only *think* I remember two pinched, wistful little faces, glimpsed through the snow. Far more probably they were making wassail behind the scenes at *Mother Goose,* or keeping it up till all hours in cosy, theatrical digs in Swindon or Wakefield.

The school was kept by the Misses Mallet—Clara and Mabel. Miss Clara seemed to me the epitome of all that was queenly. She personified Authority. I think she must have been about forty-five. She wore trailing grey, "relieved" with touches of mauve. She took scripture and, rather surprisingly, gym.

Miss Mabel, the younger sister, was vivacious and had bright red hair. She was bosom friends with Mademoiselle, who was small and dark, with the least suspicion of a black moustache. It was an era of crochet collars, and Miss Mabel and Mademoiselle went in for most elaborate collars, and on their chests they pinned great satin bows, as though they were chocolate boxes.

Once, in Holy Week, Mademoiselle, who was a Catholic, went too far with her bows. She treated her bust as though it were an altar; on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday the bows were black; violet on Good Friday; black again for Saturday; and, on Easter Sunday need I say—the bow was in shining, bridal white.

Then there was Mademoiselle's pug. Pug was very old and used to stand on her desk, looking sickly and disagreeable during lessons. Once, during Dictation, Pug put up his dinner, he felt the cold. Pug and Miss Mabel were very jealous of one another and Mademoiselle used to play them off in a very cruel way. It was like something out of Colette or Flaubert; but, of course, we didn't realize any of that. Once Pug made a very odd and unsuitable noise, and Miss Mabel said, "That poor little love ought to be destroyed. It's wicked to keep the poor dear sweet alive."

The lowest class, into which Iris and I were put, was taken by Mrs. Bernard, a short, thick per-

(Continued on page 222)



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Kim Myung Sook, Korean, Age 6. Has never had enough to eat. Father former school teacher. Fled with wife from Communists in north. Child born in rubble of Pusan. Father opened iron shop. His life and shop lost in typhoon. Mother works in laundry. Earns three dollars per month. "Home" is one-room hut. Earthen floor. Mother cannot feed and clothe child. Looks with despair on her beautiful daughter. Needs everything. Help to Myung Sook means life and hope to mother and child.

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"WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND ARGUED"

(Continued from page 221)

sonage in *pince-nez*. Even at six one realized at once that she was kind, but absolutely no use whatsoever as a teacher. That's why she had the lowest class.

Her position was clearly owed to nepotism. Mrs. Bernard was the wife of Mr. Bernard; and Mr. Bernard was Mr. Bernard Mallet, the elder brother of Miss Clara and Miss Mabel. To us children he was a figure of great mystery and importance. Miss Clara, an excellent disciplinarian, would occasionally in cases of really outrageous behaviour, say, "I may have to speak to Mr. Bernard." Miss Mabel, more fiery and far more insecure, was often heard to shout, "Another word, sir, and Mr. Bernard will have to flog you."

Once, Ralph Boyes, a cheat and craven, hated by all his peers, pretended that he would "sneak" to Mr. Bernard. He actually knocked upon the study door; but then, before there could be time for an answer, he fled away, preferring our contempt and execration to The Unknown behind that door.

There were two visiting teachers—Sergeant and Miss Culley. Sergeant, a very kind and fatherly old soldier, took Drill. In memory, Sergeant's Drill seems indistinguishable from Miss Clara's Gym, except that the former was more jerky and the latter more sort of floaty and wavy.

Miss Culley taught drawing and painting, and one episode of our association reflects some credit on us both. Before she came we drew deadly things such as a handkerchief draped over a milk jug. But Miss Culley was young and had quite dashing ideas.

She let us illustrate the stories we were reading, and encouraged imagination rather than accuracy. Once she said we could draw anything we liked; so, of course, I drew two trains rushing at one another on a single line. This was before Freud, so Miss Culley's only criticism of my drawing was that the smoke of the two engines couldn't be blowing in two different directions. I said it could; that the smoke of trains always blew backwards and that it was by this means only that I could show in which direction the two trains were travelling.

Miss Culley was decent enough to agree that this was important, since in the impending collision lay the drama of the picture; but she persisted that the smoke would be controlled by the wind and that the wind could not blow in two different directions at once. Eventually she made the excellent suggestion that we should both look at two trains coming to meet each other and see exactly what was happening to the smoke.

When she came the next week we had both separately done our field work. The smoke of my trains had blown with the wind, regardless of the direction in which they were travelling. Miss Culley's observations, however, supported my drawings. The episode ended with mutually mystified apologies.

After a year, Iris and I were moved up from the bottom to the middle class. Now we worked in Miss Mabel's sunny little classroom looking out over the garden. But woe betide any child whose eyes strayed to the window. "Dreaming, sir?" Miss Mabel would query and—Crack!—her ruler would descend on knuckles, head, ear, any part which was handy.

If you asked a question, it was called Arguing; and, in Miss Mabel's eyes, argument was subversive.

Thus to a six-year-old, seven nines obviously make seventy-nine; but in Tables seven nines are sixty-three.

"Miss Mabel, why are seven nines sixty-three?"

"Continue, sir; don't argue."

"But, Miss Mabel, why?"

Crack with the ruler; and the meaningless poem is continued, but through tears.

If you went into Garnet House by the Front Door—and you did so only if accompanied by a parent for ordinarily we used the little door in the basement—you found yourself in the Front Hall.

The Front Hall was Out of Bounds and was divided from the rest of the house by a curtain, composed of strings of beads and bamboo, which rattled romantically when anyone passed through.

In the hall there was a door marked "*strictly* out of bounds." It was the door of a lavatory which was supposed to be used by staff only; but we could use it in case of dire emergency during class. If you desperately needed to "Go," you had to hold up your hand and say, "Leave the room, please." Whereupon Teacher would say, in a rather special voice, "Certainly. You may use The One in the Front Hall."

The Big Schoolroom, where Miss Clara took roll-call, scripture, and gym, was the scene of two of the school's greatest occasions—Missionary Bags and Reports.

The Missionary Bags were small pokes with a drawstring at the top, all made in different colours and stuffs. Each of us got one and we were supposed to "put by" some of our pocket money or birthday money, and then, towards the end of the summer term, we all took them to church to something called Zenana Sunday. Miss Clara explained to us that the unfortunate Women of India were compelled to live in simply, perfectly dreadful places, called Zenanas, and that the contents of our Missionary Bags would help Jesus to help the Women.

But, far more important to us than anything so remote as that, was the great occasion when the bags were given out. Very sensibly, Miss Clara dramatized this no end. We would all assemble in the Big Schoolroom and then Miss Clara, dressed in her tea gown, and followed by the rest of the staff, would make a processional entrance.

Sergeant held a tray of Benares brass, upon which were piled the Missionary Bags, and we would march up in order of seniority and each choose one. Thus the Head Boy would get, choosing from the entire range of bags, the one made of black and silver beads, the cherry velvet, the Cambridge blue satin.

Gradually the bags were taken up by boy after boy, until, when it came to the turn of Iris and myself, at the bottom of the school, there were none left, except the very dingiest, most miserable of the whole pile. Mine, I remember, was a washed-out cotton, with pinkish smudges which may once have been rosebuds; and poor Iris had to content herself with a screw of canvas, upon which someone in very rough black wool work had embroidered a cross.

How much better, I now feel, to have done the whole business in reverse. What glory for the six-year-olds to have first pick; and what a lesson in Christian humility for the Head Boy to make do with the rottenest bag of all!

Our other great occasion was Reports. We assembled in the Big Schoolroom on the last morning of term; a hymn was sung and then Miss Clara would read aloud the comments of the teachers on our term's work. In most schools, surely, the reports are sent in confidence to parents who can then, in the sacred privacy of home, praise diligence and chide the wayward. At Garnet House reports were as public, and almost as alarming, as the Judgment Day.

I can only remember the whole thing now as a fevered blur. I recall exactly where I sat; I recall the rain covering the window with diamonds; I recall the prim expressions of Mademoiselle and Miss Mabel as the pupils winced under their *very* tart reports; I recall the Head Boy receiving his prize—a pencil box in a waterproof cover; I recall dreading the moment when my name would be called and I should have to stand and listen to the recital of my misdoings; but of that moment, when it came, I recall nothing whatsoever.

The only clear thing in the blur is the report of Iris. Even now, when I think of it, I feel a little hot, a little frightened. Of course it came last. In everything I was

(Continued on page 226)





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WHY I LOVE HONG KONG

(Continued from page 181)

the Chinese theatres. There were new restaurants on every hand, specializing in northern dishes. Best of all, for the foreign-style dancing we now had our pick of bands from Shanghai.

To put it briefly, after being held at bay for nearly a hundred years, China had moved in. There is an historical explanation for why Hong Kong had always been so very, very British, both to her advantage and her detriment. In the eighteenth century, Western traders, led by the British East India Company, managed to get a foothold in China. Without enthusiasm the Chinese permitted them to live on Chinese soil, but only in one place, a ghetto at the edge of Canton city. Hong Kong—the island was later called Victoria, but the name never caught on somehow—was a bare bit of mountainous land much like other islands along the coast save that it was larger, and had a good harbour. It was also conveniently close to Canton, and the foreigners saw its potential value. Nobody was living there save a few fishermen, and the British soon managed to move in and use it, without alarming the Chinese government, as a way-station for ships. It was a good place for coaling, and when opium had been declared contraband by the Chinese, Hong Kong served as a refuge for opium-smugglers and their craft. British rights in the island were confirmed after the first Opium War, and later wars strengthened her hold, and added to the area of the colony with Kowloon and the Leased Territories on the mainland opposite.

At first a post for the armed forces, the town grew into a regular settlement with traders, missionaries, European families, schools, and churches. The British planted trees and bushes and flowers, and protected these plantings by passing laws that forbade the Chinese to cut them down. The Chinese thought the foreign devils mad thus to prevent the right, natural end for all wood—burning for fuel—though a few people, even at the beginning, must have observed how much better the land was for this covering, and how noticeable was the contrast between the forested hills within the colony and the bare, yellow, denuded earth of China over the border. Hong Kong became an oasis. The settlers tamed the Peak. Undeterred by difficulties of transport they built houses on the top of it, and the inhabitants of these choice dwellings made their way to and from town in sedan chairs carried by coolies. Later someone invented the funicular, and Hong Kong put one in—the famous Peak Tram. Later still the automobile was invented. Good roads followed, and houses were built at all levels, though the business part of town remained down at the sea.

Through all of this development Hong Kong remained fundamentally British, though Chinese flocked in to live there, tempted by trade and security. Those who were permanent residents and those who were born in Hong Kong were considered British subjects, entitled to carry British passports. In spite of the passports, however, the Hong Kong Chinese were not quite first-class citizens: there was—naturally in the early days—discrimination, and some forms of this discrimination persisted through the years. One of them was still in force when I arrived; the rule that no Chinese must live on the sacred Peak. Only one man had defied that rule and got away with it. He was Sir Robert Ho Tung, and he was so very rich, and owned so much real estate, that the authorities didn't choose to oppose him. And there were other, smaller bans. Chinese couldn't belong to the Club. For all I know they didn't want to, and certainly they never made a public grievance about it. They are proud people. Just the same, one couldn't help but think it a tactless attitude on the part of the British. The Peak rule, at least, became passé and slipped out of sight soon after our immigration began from the north.

Other transformations took place. For years most Chinese in Hong Kong had remained suspended while social evolution was going on next door in China. They clung to the old customs long after these had been given up over the border. Indeed, looking at a wedding photograph in the Hong Kong paper in which the bride and groom wore costumes worthy of a place of honour in a museum, I wondered if the Chinese community was not consciously living up to the Englishman's nineteenth-century idea of how they ought to be—quaint, picturesque, and inscrutable. They were cliquey, too. In Shanghai, for years we had been entertaining Chinese guests and being entertained by Chinese hosts, but that wasn't yet the general rule in Hong Kong. There, the Chinese still kept themselves to themselves. Their men did business with foreigners, but their wives and daughters did not dine with foreigners, no matter how well chaperoned the party might be. Yet, soon after China burst into the colony, this ban too disappeared. Shanghai ways had taken over.

Of course it was better that way. In fact, for me it was heaven, and of course it didn't last. The war came, sweeping offstage—for a time—much of it—old style and new, pretty frivolity, Englishmen in white shorts and English maidens playing tennis at the Club, dazzling Chinese women selling raffle tickets at charity balls, picnic parties on the beach. Gone were the lights on the Peak at night. But the Peak, and the beach, and the great deep sky remained, and the rest came back.

I too go back now and then. They say you can't recapture an old happiness, but that's not true. Hong Kong is still there, though I won't bet on its being there forever. I step out of the plane and take a breath of the air and once again it's part of me and I am part of it. I can't see the whole place right away, but I know where everything is. There across the water is the road where a man I was dating for the first time laughed because I spoke of Marlborough School and called it "Marrelboro." He said, "Are you quite sure it isn't Mawlbrugh?" I got even with him: I married him.

There's the place on the Peak where the Japanese put up a monument to their victory, and the British when they returned blew it up.

There's the Peninsula Hotel, renamed the Toa during the Japanese interregnum. Sometimes nowadays I forget and refer to it as the Toa; nobody knows what I'm talking about.

There's Big Wave Bay, where as a point of honour we

(Continued on page 225)

designer make-ups—a rundown of details

Here, the make-up programmes of the faces that go with the designer clothes, on page 154. All make-up is by Max Factor, involving their matte-finish cosmetics; the foundations used are all Sheer Genius, the matte-finish foundation-and-powder in a tube. The coloured eye shadows are all the powder kind, for more matte-ness. The individual colour-plans are as follows:

FOR THE LONG WHITE DRESS BY TEAL TRAINA: To heighten the mood of soft white crêpe, the foundation colour is Fair Tone, a creamy beige shade. Eyes are emphasized with Brownish-Black eyeliner and mascara; the coloured powder shadow is Blue-Green. Iridescent Brown stick shadow makes contours on upper eye and brow area. The lipstick is Pink Pastel. Flash against the powder-finish—new Jewelescent Nail Satin in a pink-beige shade that's one of six—A Cappella Beige.

FOR THE BLACK AND WHITE SCAASI SUIT: The foundation colour is Soft Beige, and rouge is used here—Red No. 3, and it's cake rouge. The eyes are brightened with a streak of Blue Mist powder shadow, and True Blue Fine Line Pencil. The lipstick is bright—Golden Strawberry. On the fingernails, a non-match colour—Coralatura, in new Jewelescent Nail Satin.

BLACK WITH WHITE MINK BY BILL BLASS: Gentle-shaded foundation here is Truly Fair, a creamy tone, with lavendered accents added on eyes, lips. On the eyes, Lilac Mist powder shadow, the upper eye area lightened with True White stick shadow. The lashline is outlined on upper and lower lid with Gray Fine Line Pencil, and with this pencil extra lashes are drawn at the outer corners. The lipstick is Lilac Pastel. Softness on the fingernails: matte finish Petal Pastel Nail Satin.

WHY I LOVE HONG KONG

(Continued from page 224)

managed to swim at least once every month so we could honestly claim to swim the year round. If you watched carefully you could pick a day that wasn't too cold, even in January. Once I got stranded there in the shallows when I was pregnant.

Repulse Bay had flame-in-the-forest. The hotel used to stand alone, but the rocks I climbed are covered now with houses. Hong Kong generally is built up a lot more than it was; at night the lights are brighter than ever.

According to that man at the party, Hong Kong is a good place to shop. It must be; everybody says so, but it wasn't always. Behind Queen's Road the Chinese, when the Japanese came in and closed all the stores, set up an open-air market, and there I haggled by the hour for a can of Australian beef or a few bananas. Nearby was a stall where I bought a pair of wooden clogs after my shoes wore out. They were good clogs, jointed with leather hinges: they lasted me more than a year.

Lately when I went to Hong Kong a young newspaperman at the airport there interviewed me. He asked,

"And is this your first visit to Hong Kong, Miss Hahn?"

"No," I said.



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"WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND ARGUED"

(Continued from page 223)

the last but one, Iris the last of all. I can hear Miss Clara's voice—"And then there's Iris . . ." and again I see six-year-old Iris fidget about in an ecstasy of embarrassment, and pull and screw at her dress. "And then there's Iris—well. . . ." A pause.

Dominic and Iris and I knew then that the terrible, the unspeakable thing would be mentioned. We trembled, we wished the earth would open or the heavens fall, for, earlier in the term, Iris had wet her drawers; and now the shameful, degrading secret was about to be revealed. "And then there's Iris—well . . ." and, suddenly, Miss Clara looked at Iris with a smile. ". . . She's rather a funny, little Visitor Hisitor Wiz."

That was all. No more was said. But the phrase has stuck in my mind and will never be erased—a funny, little Visitor Hisitor Wiz.

Once, and once only, did Mr. Bernard appear before the whole school.

It was June and gorgeous weather. Iris, Dominic, and I were all in Miss Mabel's class reciting Tables. "Seven sevens are forty-nine; seven eights are fifty-six; seven nines are. . . ." Suddenly there rang out a scream, one terrible, electrifying scream. We were rooted to our desks. Even Miss Mabel's face expressed—I can't remember what; but I remember the gesture with which her freckled hand touched her chest; it was a gesture which an actress might consider rather—well, rather "ham," a rather over-obvious expression of alarm.

A pause. And then another scream. Then we heard the chatter and thumping of boots as the top class burst from their bonds and thundered upstairs. Then, of course, there was no holding us; up we thundered, too, in the wake of the big boys—Archie, Edmund, and Stuart—through the bead curtain into the Front Hall.

And there was the door of the staff lavatory wide open; the Forbidden Door wide open; water was cascading out into the Hall; and there, in hysterics, over her shoes in water, stood Mademoiselle.

Hysterics are infectious. Naturally, Iris started to blub at once; and soon even big boys were in a state. Edmund who had swum a length last week, began to yelp. It was then that Miss Clara appeared and took command at once. "Silence," she said. The yelps died on trembling lips. Mademoiselle, with a tremendous effort, controlled her screams. "Send," said Miss Clara, and her tone was like the horn of Roland, "Send for Mr. Bernard."

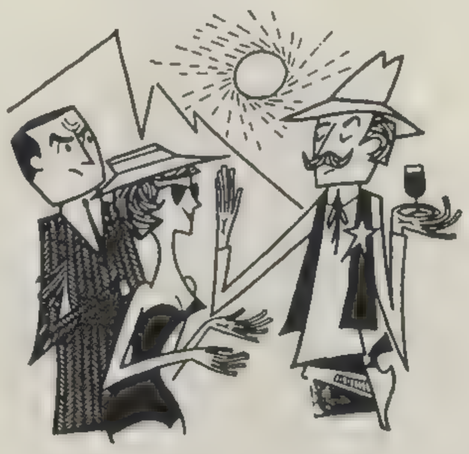
Miss Mabel flew. We heard the bead curtain rattle. A pause, during which Mademoiselle was shaken from head to foot with one terrible, but quite silent convulsion. Again the bead curtain parted, a freckled hand held it, and through it, slowly—oh so slowly—there shambled a figure in a dressing gown and carpet slippers. The long, unkempt walrus moustache was stained by tobacco; the bald head was blotched and splotched; on the dressing gown were smears of egg and pudding. Slowly the figure lumbered to the scene; and magically a calm was spread. Women and children reacted to the superior wisdom, superior courage of the Adult Male.

The loose, puffy lips parted. Through the fringe of yellowish, grey moustache one glimpsed disordered, yellowish fangs. The Oracle was speaking: "s'Nothing," said Mr. Bernard. "Jus' a w.c. overflow. Send for a plumber."

The bead curtain rattled and fell behind the retreating figure. We none of us saw him ever again. But there hung on the air a faint, sickly odour, sweetish, like fruit, or Christmas pudding. What can it have been?

Ten minutes later we were all back at work—seven eights are fifty-six and seven nines are sixty-three—poor Mademoiselle, what can have happened?—eight ones are eight—it was like a dream—eight twos are sixteen—what did it mean?—eight eights are sixty-four—what does anything mean?—Why did Mr. Bernard seem so . . . eight twelves are ninety-six and eight thirteens are . . . but there! Whoever heard of eight thirteens? Tables don't go beyond twelve times.

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In Vogue for men: the sweater-shirt



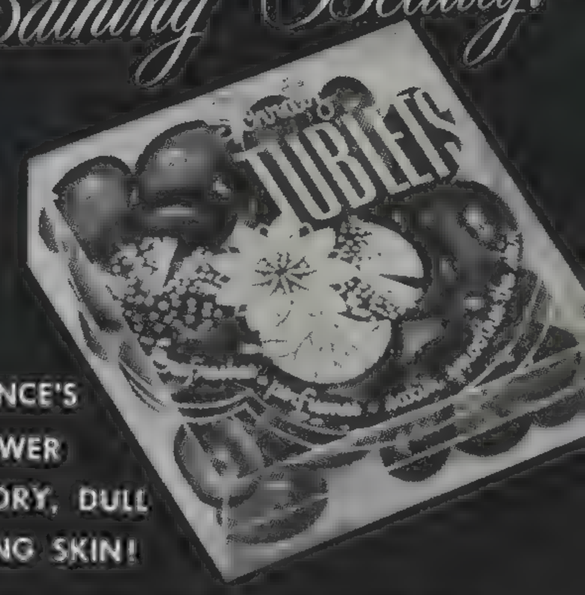
Above: Cardigan to wear as a shirt or as a sweater in the country, on the golf course.
It's black, trimmed with red and white.
Ban-Lon shirt of nylon by Alfred of New York.
About $15. Bergdorf Goodman; B. Forman; Frost Bros.

Below: Bright colour idea for autumn sports clothes and to wear at resorts this winter: red.
Here, red cardigan, red polo shirt, both of Orlon.
By Izod. Cardigan, about $15; polo shirt, about $13.
At Bergdorf Goodman; Capper & Capper; Gidding's.





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THE NEW BRAINWORK IN BEAUTY

(Continued from page 194)

turning the tub into something resembling the pool of an untidy seal. Of course, if you belong to the shower persuasion, Univac will find you out and suggest another way of life based on special soap. If you've answered yes to a series of questions keyed to spot sensitive skins, your Univac report will show a go-signal for a pleasantly silky white-stuff-in-a-bottle called Deep Emollient Cleanser, but it will rule out Yardley's new skin freshener which, for non-sensitive skins, performs a snappy mop-up job and establishes the acid-alkaline balance that helps make-up behave becomingly.

Under make-up or overnight, some of those English-mist benefits can be derived from the Yardley moisturizer called "Velvet," a charming yellow liquid that goes unobtrusively about the business of doing you good.

For non-sleeping types Univac will probably—if all the other answers form the right pattern—prescribe the use of Contour Control, a lotion designed to help take up the slack where it helps most. In a column headed "use as needed," there will very likely appear these three catchy words, SPONGE AND SPARKLE, which refer to an aquamarine liquid that comes with its own flat little sponge and will, in something like a minute, erase all dirt and make-up from your face, leaving it sparkle-plenty clean.

Besides all these words of wisdom about maintenance and cleanliness, the Beauty Brain will also pour forth abundant suggestions about the Yardley make-up colours slated for *your* colours—three lipsticks probably, though there's no rule to prevent your starting with one or experimenting with four; several eye liners and shadows—and here again, if emerald just doesn't appeal to you, you can resist it; several foundation types—Yardley has one of those creamy matte preparations that covers all in one swift application, and that may be for you, but personally we like to change off to the liquid base that's finished with a dusting of powder.

In other words, the Brain, like all the computing giants, should be used as an aid to the human equivalent of same, not as a total replacement; ideally, it's an informed guide to experiment, but you'll still want a mirror to check the answers. However, just to cite one sample of its unearthly little ways, if you have admitted to even a single allergy, the Beauty Brain simply spits out your whole question sheet with the terse comment that it doesn't pretend to be a dermatologist—or that, at any rate, is the way our own non-electronic brain sees it.

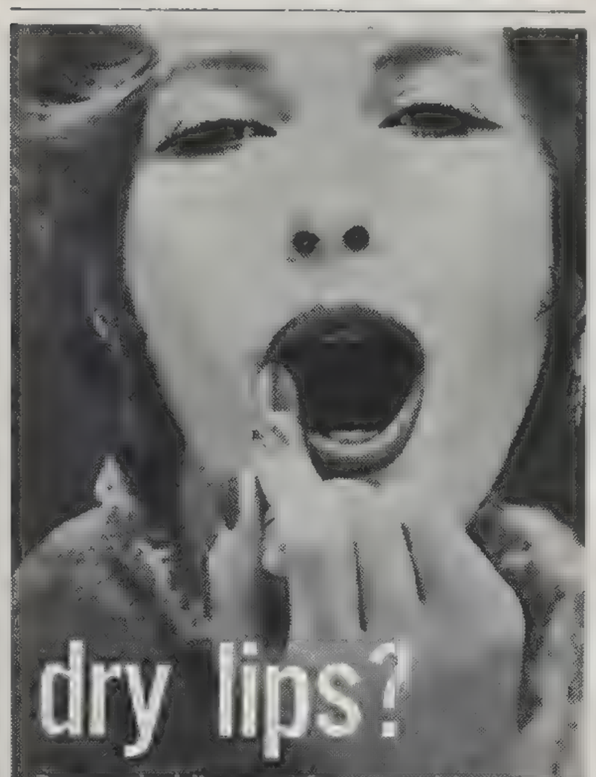
on page 6



SHANNON RODGERS FOR JERRY SILVERMAN

Fashion in Spanish terms is winning applause this autumn—this costume with matador jacket, for instance. Paloma grey flannel with fiery Flamenco red jersey blouse. Also in Black Jet with White. Sizes 6-14. About $129. Available at these fine stores:

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Boston, Mass.	Charles Sumner
Buffalo, N. Y.	Mabel Danahy
Charlotte, N. C.	Montaldo's
Chicago, Ill.	Carson, Pirie & Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio	Jenny Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.
Columbia, S. C.	Mary Lowe
Columbus, Ohio	F & R Lazarus & Co.
Dayton, Ohio	The Rike-Kumler Co.
Denver, Colo.	Montaldo's
Fall River, Mass.	Arline Booth
Greensboro, N. C.	Montaldo's
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
Honolulu, Hawaii	Carol & Mary
Houston, Texas	Battelstein's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Gus Mayer
Kansas City, Mo.	Woolf Bros.
La Jolla, Calif.	John Hogan
Lincoln, Nebr.	Hovland-Swanson
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St. Louis Park, Minn.	John W. Heller
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Diamonds

a miniature lexicon of irrelevant,

mostly material facts

A—for *adamas*, the Latin word that means both diamond and adamant; adamant for loadstone or some other impenetrably hard substance. Whence the English adjective for hardhearted.

B—for briolette, a pear-shaped gem with its entire surface cut in triangular facets. Now rare. One of the most famous of these jewels belonged to Richard Coeur de Lion, later to assorted Doges of Venice, to one or more of the Medici, then to Henry II of France who gave it to Diane de Poitiers. In Clouet's painting of her, she wears this diamond on a black velvet ribbon. When it appeared in New York in the twentieth century, it was purchased by a Canadian woman who wears it often.

C—for Cullinan, the largest diamond ever. Unearthed from yellow ground in the Transvaal in 1905, it was presented by that government to Edward VII of England, later cut in nine by Amsterdam craftsmen. Now part of England's Crown jewels.

D—for De la Vallière, Louise, the appealing if unfortunate mistress of Louis XIV who presented her with a remarkable 53+ *carats of blue-white gem which had been given to him by Cardinal Mazarin. Known as the Sancy diamond, it is said to have been owned previously by Charles the Bold, Nicolas Harlay de Sancy, and Queen Elizabeth among others. After "the little La Vallière," it was probably stolen during the Revolution, appeared again in the possession of Prince Demidoff, and the Maharajah of Patiala. Now belongs to Lord Astor, presumably the only private individual who owns an historic stone of this calibre.

E—Eugénie. See Napoleon III.

F—for Florentine, a great stone of a very pale yellow colour. Belonged to Marie Thérèse of Austria, became part of the Austrian Crown jewels. Whereabouts now obscure.

G—for Golconda, the city in Hyderabad, India, which gave its name to the overwhelming Golconda mines, the source of almost all the great stones of antiquity. Perhaps discovered in the mid-sixteenth century; employed 60,000 people a hundred years later. Now aloof from the world market if not played out.

H—for Hope, perhaps the most household of diamond words. 44+ carats. Sometimes surmised to be a part of a stone stolen from the French Crown jewels. Sold by Tavernier (which see below) to Louis XIV who was fascinated by its rare blue-grey tint. Worn by the later Louis and Marie Antoinette on state occasions. Stolen during the Revolution and eventually recovered (for £18,000) by Henry Thomas Hope, a London and Amsterdam banker. Subsequent owners: Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey, Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean. On her death it was purchased by Harry Winston and presented to the Smithsonian Institution.

I—for India. See Golconda.

J—for Jahan, as in Shah Jahan who probably once owned the Great Mogul diamond. In any case he built the Taj Mahal for his wife, Muntaz Mahal, and—one would hope—gave her some jewels. Deposed by his son Aurangzeb; see Mogul.

K—for Koh-inoor, taken in 1304 by Sultan Al-eddin of Turkey from the Rajah of Malwa in whose family it had been for generations. One of the later owners thought to have been the Venetian Doge, Dandolo. Definitely owned in 1739 by the Persian, Nadir Shah; and in 1813 by the Rajah of Lahore (the city of Kipling; site of Pakistan's National Horse Show).

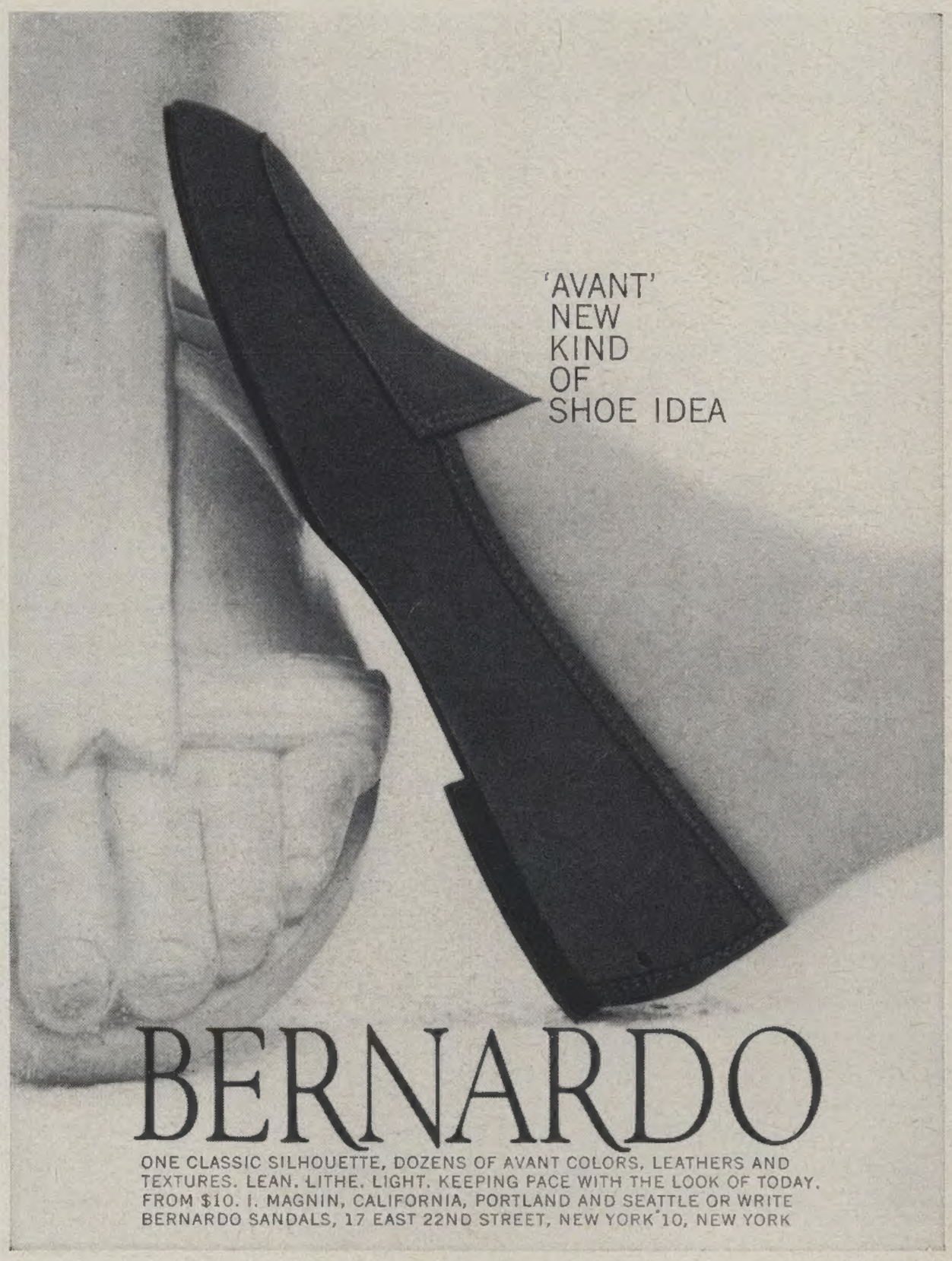
(Continued on page 230)

*For clues to carat-impact, see Vogue's cover and cover-note on page 3.



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Diamonds

(Continued from page 229)

Eventually acquired by the East India Company and presented to Queen Victoria in 1850. Now the central stone of the Queen's State Crown.

L—for Louis XIV. See Hope.

M—for Mogul or Great Mogul. Estimated at close to 800 carats in the rough. Cut by a Venetian lapidary, and presumed by Tavernier (which see below) to be about 280 carats when he saw it in the treasury of Aurangzeb. See also Koh-inoor.

N—for Napoleon. See Regent. Also Napoleon III, who presented to Eugénie on their betrothal day a fascinating blue-diamond ring, heart-shaped, encircled by small diamonds, and now on the world market in its original form.

O—for Orloff, one of the great stones. 190+ carats; faintly yellow. Stolen by a Frenchman from the eye of an idol in a Brahman temple. Re-stolen by a sea captain. Bought by Prince Orloff of Russia and given to Catherine the Great. Mounted in the sceptre of the Romanoffs. Now on view in the Kremlin.

P—for Potemkin, Prince, chief favourite of Catherine the Great, at least for a time. He liked to carry a pochette of diamonds on his person so that he could, when afflicted with ennui, pour them out and make patterns with the stones.

Q—for Queen Isabella of Spain, believed by many to have owned the glorious emerald-cut diamond on the cover of this issue, although it later belonged to the Portuguese Crown.

R—for Regent. Found in Borneo or India. Bought by Thomas Pitt, governor of Madras, in 1701 for something over £20,000. Subsequently bought by the Duc d'Orléans, Regent of France. Napoleon had it mounted in the Sword of State which he wore on the day of his coronation. Now in the Louvre. Perhaps the only magnificent diamond still in France.

S—Sancy. See De la Vallière, whom discretion compelled to try on the diamond pendants Louis gave her behind locked doors and at night, "looking a little sidelong in the mirror," according to the Joan Sanders biography.

T—Tavernier, Jean Baptiste. 1605-1689. French traveller, merchant, and diarist, who made a lengthy visit to the Indian mines between 1638 and 1665. Also went to Turkey, Persia, central Asia, and the East Indies.

U—Uniform. What diamonds are not; a stone of even minor greatness has a character of its own determined by colour, fire, and brilliance, as well as size.

V—for Varennes, the French town near Verdun where Louis XVI and his family were stopped in their attempt to escape the Revolution. Marie Antoinette was deprived of a marvellous pair of heavy, egg-shaped earrings which she had sewn into her clothes. Later they were bought by a Russian prince who sold American, and they are now worn by an American woman.

W—Windsor, Duchess of, who has among her jewels a necklace made from two of the diamond and emerald anklets the maharajahs of India liked to give their dancing girls. Or at any rate they liked to in the 14th century.

X—for the unknown, incalculable whatsit that mingles size, shape, history, fire, et cetera, and determines the price of a great stone—though many diamonds with a glittering past are described as "without price."

Y—for yes, the word that leaps to a woman's tongue when she moves into the aura of diamonds.

Z—for Zoroaster, who said, "When you doubt, abstain." A sound rule for diamond shoppers though not quite the way he meant it.



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